

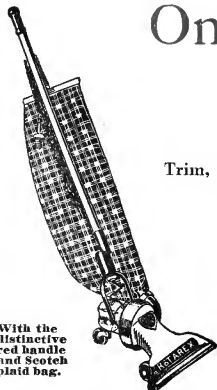
THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 62

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 10





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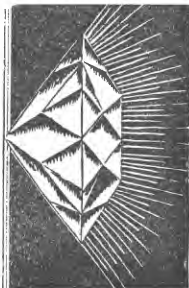
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 62, No. 10

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The Juvenile Instructor Cover Picture

The Good-Night Kiss

From the Original Painting By Harold Brett

Painting is indeed an exalted art when it becomes the medium through which to express the "love that passes all understanding."

With unerring rhythm, Mr. Brett has portrayed with a delicacy characteristic of fine poetry, that infinite tenderness which most nearly approaches the divine.

The artist is justly acclaimed, for his work is eloquent of highly developed talent and a rare definition. There is a sureness of power in every stroke of the brush, while the blend of color is pleasingly refined. He has exhibited true discernment in this selection of a subject which is so evidently adapted to his fine appreciation and unmistakable ability.



THE BOY WITH THE TORN HAT

**This picture by Thomas Sully, the early nineteenth century portraitist, hangs
in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts**

Engraving Courtesy "Children, the Magazine for Parents."



The Juvenile Instructor

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The Boy with the Torn Hat

By Lula Greene Richards

Soul of honor looking through
Eyes of quiet, shaded blue—
Are you thinking out a plan
As a guide for boy and man?

Little boy, no sign is borne
That your hat brim being torn
Causes you a troubled thought—
Something else your mind has caught.

Is it that you, too, might rise
Like young Lindbergh to the skies?
Maybe not in aeroplane
But with soul as free from stain.

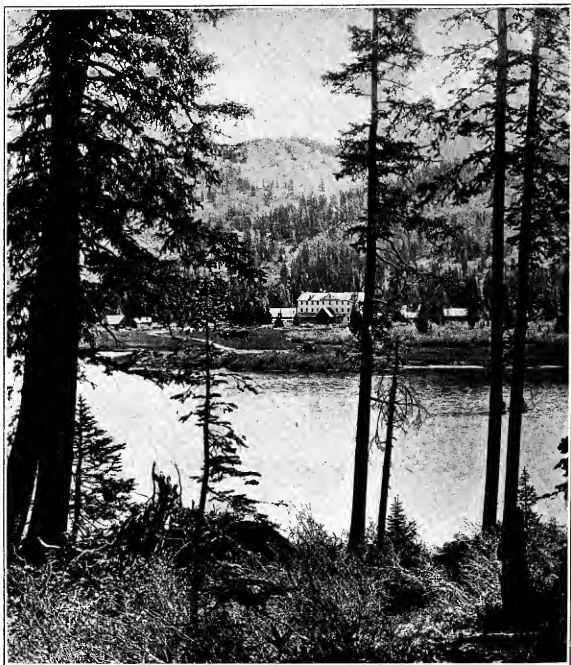
That torn brim affords more space
For the sunlight on your face.
Viewing life through coming years
Oft a rent like that appears.

Oft your feelings will be torn
Like the battered hat now worn—
Find through all a higher grace
Like more sunshine on your face.

Never mind torn hat brim, dear,
So the head beneath keeps clear.
All your clothing may be old,
Feet at times go bare and cold.

What of all this? Keep your plan
As a guide for boy and man
In your heart, true, brave and strong—
Right uplifting—crushing wrong.

Keep—oh boy! your steady eyes
On the great, ennobling prize;
And whatever griefs assail,
You will win—Truth cannot fail.



Silver Lake, framed in pines, is a delightful mirror pool.

Salt Lake City's Crystal Goblet

THE BRIGHTON LAKES

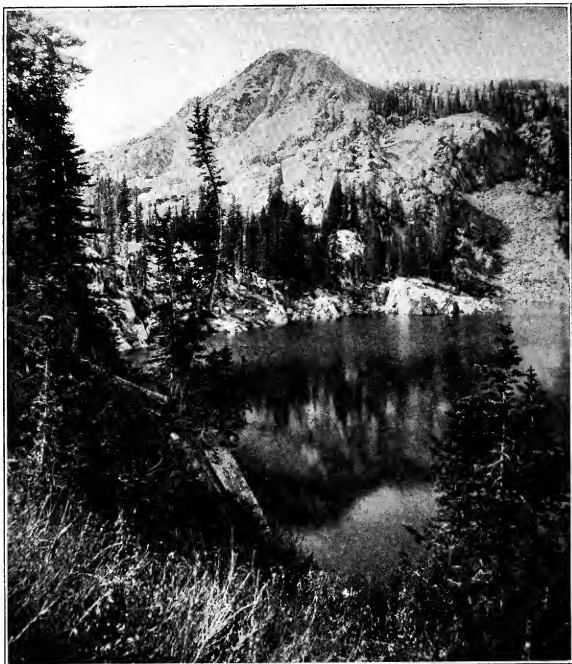
By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

The clear cold water that spouts from Salt Lake City's drinking fountains is distilled from mountain snows. So is that that trickles in the ditches along her streets and keeps her wealth of trees alive. Looked at from above in the summer the city resembles a forest. The water that supplies the homes and sprinkles the lawns is garnered from the tops of the mountains.

Scattered throughout the Utah

mountains are a thousand lakes lying in hollows—goblets that hold the water from the melting of the snows. In close proximity to Brighton there are a dozen exquisite lakes set like jewels in a crown.

This delightful summer resort at the head of Big Cottonwood canyon is as much higher than Salt Lake City as the latter is above the sea. In thirty miles an ascent of over 4000 feet is



LAKE MARY

The Crystal Goblet from which Salt Lake City drinks

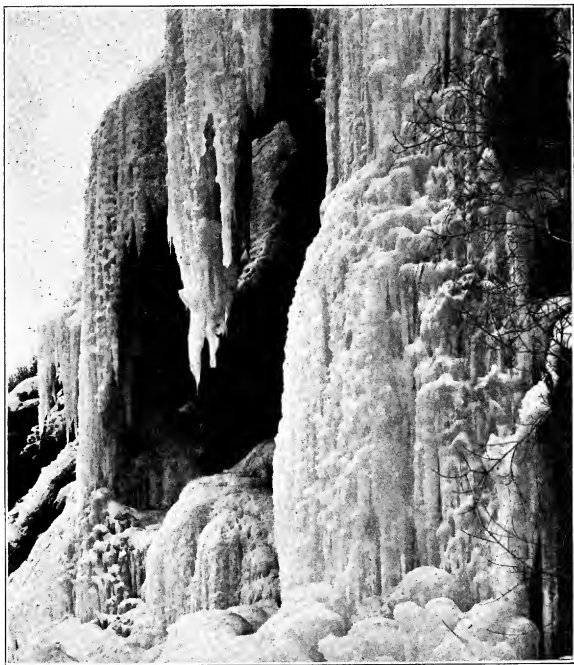
made. No wonder that drivers wear out their brakes coming down!

Brighton itself lies in a hollow—not too large—whose outlines are blurred with evergreens. Its “houses in the woods” are built of logs. Some are perched high, like dove-cotes and are reached by stairs. They are pleasantly suggestive of the “tree house” that the Swiss Family Robinson enjoyed in its island retreat.

The air is exhilarant, tinged with snow, and scented with balsam. Even in mid-summer a log fire is comfor-

table—and enticing—in the evening. Because the season is so short—from July first till the middle of August, wild flowers bloom riotously that they may reproduce themselves before they die. So the ground is carpeted with for-get-me-nots, fragile columbines, and multi-colored lupines.

The mountains here are mostly granite. In the alchemy of modern science the stone is crushed where it is quarried, hauled in powdered form in sacks, and made into stone again where a building is going up. It was



ICE CAVE, BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON
A charming demonstration in natural refrigeration.

perhaps thus that the monster stones of the Pyramids were moved.

Lake Mary, above a waterfall and not far up the trail, is surrounded by sun-bleached rock. It has been reservoired by the city. Its deep water is sulphur blue.

Beyond it, set in an entrancing frame of evergreens, is shallower Lake Martha. Barring deer, it would make a miniature setting for the "Lady of the Lake."

Much further, past snow banks and

a long trek through grassy valleys and precarious footholds, one discovers Lake Katherine, a somber pool of melted snow. Tiny waterlilies flank it; dark mountains tower above it.

In mid-summer Brighton's devotees number 2000; in winter there is one man who stays there to guard the city's water supply. He gets about on snowshoes over nine feet of ice. The cabins are buried to their eaves in snow—Salt Lake's drinking water in sherbet form.

Children Should be Trained Early in the Use of Money

By William Byron Forbush, Ph. D., Litt. D.

"Why should we give children money anyway?" Because they are little beggars, if they are very urgent. Because they are little serfs, if we are very niggardly. But a child is neither a serf nor a beggar. He is a junior partner, though a silent partner in all the household concerns. If he is a partner in the business, we ought to treat him in a businesslike way.

The proper basis of a child's allowance is a budget. Even a little child should be started with an income based upon calculation of his needs, and his spending should all be for definite ends. He may not understand this at the first, but it is better to start right.

"How soon would you start the allowance?" As soon as the child has wants that the home does not regularly supply. This means about the time when he begins to go to school.

"How would you help him in his first expenditures?" I would at once eliminate candy and soft drinks from his expense list by furnishing those myself. Then, as other wants appear, I would talk over each one as to its desirability and cost. I would give him his allowance in pennies, so as to make computing easy. If he ever wants to borrow from his savings I would let him do so, but let him realize the inconvenience of paying it back. If he wants to borrow from you, let him give his infantile note, and hold him responsible for both interest and principal when it is due. I would discourage chronic indebtedness.

Don't Penalize the Allowance

"Would you ever penalize his allowance?" Never! This is theft of the meanest sort. Neither would I insist on his giving to charity, though I would of course encourage it. His own money is as sacred as yours.

"How large should the allowance

be?" I would start with five cents a week. I would increase this as fast as he seems capable of using some thought and foresight in purchasing tools or toys, as he shows generosity. I would gradually come to the point where he may buy some necessities. By the time he gets to high school I would have the allowance include all his expenses.

"Would you have him keep accounts?" Yes, from the beginning. I would also have weekly reports, and audit his "books." I would have him start a savings account early and I would accustom him to pay his bills by check, writing his name above your signature on your own check book.

Let Him Learn Through Mistakes

"Would you allow him to make mistakes by unsuitable or foolish purchases?" If you train him carefully he will make very few such mistakes. I would take him to stores and markets when making my own purchases, and show him how carefully I consider each expenditure. Never let him know that there is such a thing as a "shopping expedition," that is, an excursion taken with a full pocket and an empty head among the allurements of bright shop windows. Let him feel that spending money is always a serious and responsible duty. If he does buy a brighter suit than you would get, remember that he is younger, and has got it to wear out.

"Would you pay him for work done around the house or office?" I would put it in the agreement that he was to do a small but definite task each week, so that he will prize his relation to the "firm." For what he does beyond that I would pay him.

"Would you try the same plan with girls?" Of the \$9,000,000,000 spent

in this country every year it is said that eight are spent by women. Don't our future women need the training? And because their expenditures are more difficult, don't they need it early?

"My children have an indulgent grandfather who gives them a good deal of money. How shall I fit these gifts into the plan?" I think you must insist on all such extras going into the savings account. This plan is not valid unless it is definite. You will have to persuade grandpa either to allow this

to be done or insist on his assuming a regular share of the budget.

But If They Don't Rise to It?

"What if it doesn't work?" That would seem to show that your child was not yet quite mature enough to try it fully. But if you are patient with a few failures, and live up to it strictly, and try it for a whole year, I think you will feel that, even if there is not much in the bank, there is more in the boy. And that is what counts.

Turk Duck

By Mrs. Alice Morrill

The egg from which "Turk Duck" came was laid by a turkey hen and hatched by a mother duck. The egg was given to Boy by a kind farm-woman at about the same time in which he happened to be setting the old white duck with those twelve duck-eggs which she had laid herself.

"What would you think, Daddy, of putting my turkey egg in under Old Quack-Quack's wings together with her own pretty white eggs? Do you think she could hatch a baby duck from the turkey egg?" asked Boy of his Farmer-Daddy. "Well, try it and see what happens," Daddy replied.

"Quack-Quack, here is another egg for you—a fine big one, speckled like a gover-lily petal. You must keep it warm beneath your soft wings and if it hatches it shall be your own child," Boy said to the Mother Duck. Quack-Quack ruffled her downy feathers and puffed them out so as to cover the extra egg and keep it warm and safe.

Boy waited patiently for four weeks and so did Quack-Quack, then, one morning, twelve of the dearest little ducks came waddling awkwardly out of the nest with their short, little legs and fat, webbed feet and just behind them, nimbly walking—straight as straight—on his long, slender legs and feet, a cunning young baby turkey.

"Oh, Daddy, come and see!" shout-

ed Boy happily, "Every egg has hatched and one of Quack-Quack's children is a little coal-black turkey!"

"Fine, fine!" exclaimed Daddy. "Take them around to the orchard and put Quack-Quack, family and all, into that little wire-net pen you used to use for your bunny's play-ground. The youngsters will be safe there until they are strong enough to be turned loose in the poultry lot. Put a shallow pan filled with water in the pen with them so that the little ducks can swim; and give them plenty of food, Boy, while they are shut in."

"Daddy, what about the baby turkey? Will he swim too?" inquired Boy.

"You watch and find out, son, then tell me about it."

That night, Boy drew his chair close up near his Daddy's side and said: "Daddy, I never saw things so different as little duck and little turkey; Why, the ducks swim and splash about in the water all day, but Little Turk tries to keep himself perfectly dry. He goes near the water only occasionally to get a drink for himself and then he takes dainty little sips and keeps his feathers dry as dry."

"Yes, Son, young turkeys avoid the water. Their natural mother tries to keep them from the least dampness because she knows that wet is not

good for baby turkeys and so she and they keep on dry ground. Baby turkeys never go into the water or mud. Have you noticed, son, how the ducks have webs stretched between their toes so that they can paddle with their feet in swimming and move easily thru the water? Water is the duck's element, you know."

"Yes, Daddy, and Turk's toes are long and slim with no webs between them; besides, his legs are long and straight—to hold his body up out of the dampness, I suppose. I'm sure a turkey would be *out of his element* in water, and that he would not enter water willingly. The dry land is his home."

In a few days Quack-Quack was turned with her brood into the back lot where there was a large pond. Boy noticed how gladly she plunged into the deep water and swam across the wide pond to the farther side with all her twelve little ducks swimming along beside her. He watched the whole bunch clamber up the opposite bank and begin eating the bugs and worms that were there waiting for them.

Then Boy looked for Little Turk. There he was—running up and down the nearer margin of the pond crying loudly—yelping in great distress. Occasionally he would stop a moment and gaze across at the others, far—far away. Then a new and stronger de-

sire to get to them came to him, and he ran about more wildly and yelped more loudly than ever.

And then, his desire to be with his mother and his brothers and sisters, and his determination to get to them overcame his fear of the water, and seeming to say, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish; I am resolved to strike out for that farther shore," he jumped from the bank down into the water, and began to swim. Bravely he struck out—flapping with his little wings and stroking with his slender legs.

He was soon submerged—all but his head but he kept his face toward the farther shore where his nearest of kin were noisily feeding on the bounty spread by Mother Nature. When at last he reached his goal and climbed up the slope, wet and weary and with bedraggled feathers, his duck mother met him with a peculiar crooning sound and seemed to tell him he had proven himself worthy of a place in her family.

Since then Boy has called him Turk Duck, and I think he proved to us that *grit* to "start out" and *perseverance* to "keep a staying" will bring success to any turkey against all odds.

Turk Duck grew into a magnificent specimen of turkeyhood and was prized by Boy as one of his precious possessions.

The Need of Prayer

In 1787, when the members of the famous convention which drew up our present Constitution of the United States found they could not agree, and at one time it seemed as though they would adjourn without proposing any plan of government, Benjamin Franklin, then a tottering old man of eighty-one, rose and said: "How has it happened that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understanding? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were

sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers were heard and they were graciously answered. Have we now forgotten that powerful Friend, or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men." Needless to say that after this speech the convention opened every morning with prayer.

The Romance of Cotton

By Frank C. Steele

It was a memorable day for lucky Eddie Youngchild when his father consented to his accompanying him on a business trip to Arizona, home of the giant cactus and other interesting things that Eddie had often read about.

Arriving at Phoenix, the beautiful capital city of the state, they drove by car to Mesa there viewing the imposing temple soon to be dedicated by the Prophet of the Lord for service for the living and the dead. At Mesa and the other Latter-day Saint towns they met a busy, hospitable people. Eddie loved them immediately and he loved their splendid, fertile valleys, too, and the semi-tropical climate. Every day produced a new crop of thrills.

The cotton fields held a special fascination for the northern boy. Here for the first time he saw and felt the soft fluffy balls of cotton, the fibers of which are used in the making of cloth for man and the seeds into valuable food products.

One evening Mr. Youngchild and his son were stopping at the home of a large cotton grower. It was one of these warm, restful evenings which make Arizona famous and which Harold Bell Wright describes in his splendid stories of the southwest. Eddie half envied the Arizona folk as he sat with the grown-ups on the verandah of the Bishop's home. He wanted to know more about the wonderful sights he had seen and when the first opening came Eddie asked the interesting bishop to tell them something about cotton.

The bishop was quite willing and with Eddie's alert ears pointed his way, he began.

"Cotton was known to the ancients. The Greek historian, Herodotus, mentions this substance that grew on a plant, 'exceeding in goodness and beauty the wool of the sheep.' That was 400 years before the birth of

Christ. Today, cotton is grown over a wide area in the warm zones with the Southern United States and Egypt, widely separated countries, leading in production. A score of other countries raise some cotton but the cotton-producing states of our country raise easily one-half and frequently more than half of the 25,000,000 bales needed to keep the mills of the world running.

"Cotton, as you know, grows on a plant. The truly great cotton plantations are in the south, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. A cotton plantation is a scene of beauty. From a distance a ripe cotton field resembles a vast white sea. That is, after the pods have burst open exposing the cotton which later will be picked by nimble fingers, usually colored fingers, the owners of the fingers singing as they move their baskets along the rows.

"After the cotton has been picked it is taken to a cotton gin where the cotton lint is separated from the seeds. Formerly this operation was performed by hand. Now it is done by machinery, the cotton gin having been invented by Eli Whitney, a native of Connecticut then living in Savannah, Georgia, in 1792, and since much improved. This simple machine has been worth millions of dollars to the cotton industry, the effect of the invention in the Southern States being a remarkable expansion in production. When Whitney brought out his gin (a contraction for 'engine,' I might add in passing) the United States raised only half a million pounds of cotton. Today the cotton crop runs all the way from twelve to eighteen million bales of 500 pounds to the bale.

"These bales or giant sacks of pressed cotton go to the mills, many of them now being located in the southern states, where it is made into cloth.

"Before closing this little talk on cotton, Eddie, I want to add that in the land of America it appears that the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians understood the manufacture of cotton cloth. The English introduced the

cotton plant to their colony in Virginia in 1621, but little cotton was produced until after the invention of the cotton gin. That invention really marks the beginning of the great cotton industry of America."

My Kingdom

My mind, to me, a kingdom is,
A realm where oft I love to roam;
An isle amid enchanting seas.
My Soul's a monarch on a throne.

My palace is of marble Thought,
The streets are paved with golden Love.
'Tis lighted by a Faith in God
Far brighter than the stars above.

Behind the palace stands a hill
Entwined with groves of Service trees.
Here birds of Peace sing sweet and shrill
Their songs of Joy upon the breeze.

The zephyrs with perfume are filled
From precious blossoms of Good Cheer.
Of them I pluck, then from the hill
I gather fruits of Service dear.

When those great summits I have reached,
If the sun has sunk I still have light;
For it still shines upon the peaks
When the world below is bathed in night.

Then far beyond that hill I see
A greater mountain I must climb.
It's crags spell "Opportunity,"
And on I go, for it is mine.

So thus my kingdom grows each day
With palaces and gardens fair,
And plants of Virtue rare must stay
Within my realm, when planted there.

—Leah Brown.



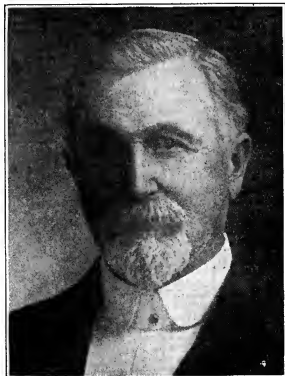
By Harold H. Jensen

Job Pingree, Sen.

Wealth and fame have both been the lot of Job Pingree, Sr., veteran pioneer of 1857, now 89 years of age, who resides at 119 West 28th Street, Ogden, the family home for fifty years. Recently the writer, upon request of the editor of the *Juvenile Instructor*, made a special trip to see Brother Pingree. A real old-fashioned red brick home, of the type that climbing roses like to attach themselves to, houses the Pingree family. An elderly gentleman was working in the garden with a spirit of youth in the zeal with which he pulled weeds from a well cared for patch of vegetables. This was Job Pingree, very much alive and not among the missing, as an erroneous report had gone out. He came into the house and after washing the signs of toil from his hands, firmly clasped the writer's hand, and then began one of the most interesting conversations in which this author has ever indulged. But let Brother Pingree tell his own story: "I was born near Worcester-shire, England, Nov. 21, 1837, and when six years old my father died. My mother married again and six children blessed the later union. My first recollection of hearing of the Church was that Wilford Woodruff had answered a call of a certain group in England who were praying that the truth might come and he had baptized many. When about eighteen years of age my mother was converted. Her second husband was much against her baptism and in the dead of night she had to steal out of the house to be baptized. The devil must have told my stepfather, for he met her with her wet clothes and started beating her, as he was drunk at the time. This was too much for me and we clinched

and even he had to admit he had received the licking. He took to drink more than ever, leaving the responsibility of the family on my shoulders. Fate seemed to take a hand and as the result of being thrown from a horse he died. Then we decided to come to Utah and sailed on the "George Washington," arriving at Boston, twenty-one days later. We had sold our furniture to make the trip. We crossed the plains in Jesse B. Martin's company and as I was now head of the family, I had a real task on my hands. To make matters worse, one of mother's children died on the train, another was killed in a stampede and a third had her thigh hurt in this calamity.

"We used to put the animals in the corral, made from placing our wagons in horseshoe style. Buffaloes roamed the plains that season by the thousands, and they frightened the cattle. An



JOB PINGREE, SR.

old man was also killed in this stampede, and we lost many of our oxen.

"As I came into property, President Brigham Young advised me to return to England, and in 1859, I went back with a party of missionaries. A bishop had given me a mule and this took me to the railroad. Here I had to leave the party, until I found means to pay my way further. I sold the mule and in this way got money to get back to the old country. I inherited about \$2,300 from the sale of my real father's mill and property, which had been in Pingree hands for generations. I also was called to do missionary work and baptized twenty-one persons.

"Returning, was put in charge of a company as captain crossing the plains. I had settled in Ogden, and at that time there were only a few log houses there, with dirt and mud roofs. Our furniture was homemade. Our bed, just boards with grain bin underneath, serving two purposes. Later we built the home which we now occupy and which is my hobby.

"See that pasture," he said, pointing out the window. "This property was in other hands and everything was run down. The roses forgot to climb for lack of water, the trees were yellow, and the ground so hard I could not get a spade in it. But it has come back, and keeping busy outdoors has kept me young. I always believed that 'early to bed and early to rise' was good medicine."

(Brother Pingree later took the writer over the acre of ground and into the barn where he had chopped enough wood for winter. This made the writer feel ashamed, for he vividly pictured his own cellar full of timber which for years has been uncut.)

Brother Pingree, continuing his story, said: "I have always worked and worked hard. When first we came here we took a place by the river. Then I worked for David Peery in the Z. C. M. I. Later, when he became

mayor, I was supervisor of the streets and waterworks department.

When the new sugar factory came to Ogden in which David Eccles was interested, I was appointed field superintendent. Money accumulated and from real estate ventures, sugar and farming enterprises, at one time I was worth \$500,000. I still take pride that I can pay \$1000 tithing each year, even though I lost in later ventures, due not to my own fault, but helping my own, who were unfortunate.

"I am a great believer in marriage—especially young marriages. I think eighteen is a good age. For when they start young they learn to know each other better, even though the road may be hard."

Brother Pingree proved this, for he has been married four times. A few years ago he married the present fourth Mrs. Pingree, who is a lovable woman, and makes his home a paradise for his old age. They seemed one of the happiest pairs the writer has ever seen.

In concluding, Brother Pingree urged saving. "I think everyone should save. The age today is spending too freely and should prepare for the rainy day. That is why my woodshed is full now and the exercise doesn't hurt me.

"I served the city of Ogden as city councilman for years. Also served as president of the Eastern States Mission, putting it on a paying basis, though it took means of my own to do it. I also have had work done for over a thousand in the Temple, though I don't believe in boasting, for I owe all my success to the Lord, who certainly has blessed me. My family numbers 195 living, with 235 total with those who are dead, and there are now five generations living, with two great grandchildren.

"My advice to young folks is to not think only of play, for time and age come on; so prepare now, for no one can tell what tomorrow will bring."

Editorial Thoughts

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, EDITOR
GEORGE D. PYPER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR
ALBERT HAMER REISER, BUSINESS MANAGER

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SALT LAKE CITY - - OCTOBER, 1927

The Influence of the Sunday School

The influence of the Sunday School on the lives of boys and girls cannot be over-estimated. Its power for good, its aid to the home in character-building, in teaching and inspiring a love for the sacred scriptures, and leading to a knowledge and testimony of the Gospel, needs no proof. Thousands of prominent leaders in the world assert that the Sunday School has been

a great factor in shaping their lives. It was the great Welshman, Lloyd George, who said: "The best training I ever had was in the Sunday School," and ex-President Woodrow Wilson said: "No study is more important than the Bible and there is no more effective agency for such study than the Sunday School."

In the missionary field thousands of children find the Sunday School the place where they first learn about God, and many of these little ones not only join the Church when they become of age, but bring their parents into membership as well.

That the Sunday School, too, is a potent agency in stemming the tide of vice so rampant in the world today, there can be no doubt.

Judge Fawcett, of Brooklyn, in commenting recently on the fact that during his eighteen years on the bench only three out of more than four thousand boys convicted of crime before him were members of a Sunday School, said: "I regard our Sunday Schools as the only effective means of stemming the rising tide of vice and crime among our youth," and Judge Young, of New York, confirmed the statement by Judge Fawcett when he said in an address: "Not a single Sunday School attendant was ever brought before me charged with the commission of a crime. I regard religious instruction, especially Sunday School instruction, as the most desirable and necessary thing for the people of America at this time."

A newspaper clipping has the following: "In these days of lax home life the Sunday School is even more important than it was a generation ago. Sad to say, Sunday School is about the only place where a child can learn

about God in this speeding generation. There is nobody at home who has time to tell Bible stories and explain texts. There is no one who sets aside a quarter of an hour of an evening to read over a Psalm and read it again and again until it is a part of the child's thinking. Only the very old-fashioned people have time for that."

This condition, we are happy to believe, does not apply to the majority of the homes of the Latter-day Saints. We believe time is taken there to inculcate into the lives of the children a knowledge of God and a desire to understand His will. But many, alas, too many, we fear, come within the newspaper's indictment, and fall short of their duty in this regard.

Oh, what a tremendous responsibility rests upon the Sunday School to reach out earnestly after every boy and girl within its jurisdiction. Let not one be missed.

Beauty Contests

From illustrations and sensational write-ups in the public newspapers we are forced to the conclusion that beauty contests and bathing revues, as at present conducted, are not good for public morals. It is bad enough to witness semi-nakedness of professionals on the stage and in motion pictures; but when our own daughters and neighbors are induced to parade in costumes of the skimpiest sort, before thousands of curious and many vulgar spectators, it occurs to us that it goes beyond the limits of propriety and ought to be discouraged by Latter-day Saint communities. These contests and revues pander to the vanities of youth and take away much of that admirable womanly modesty of which the world, in this age, has little to spare, and which Addison says is not only an ornament but a guard to virtue. "The first of all virtues," he says, "is innocence: the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she

carries away with her half the virtue that is in it."

We admire beauty in all forms and especially the human form, made in the image of God, but when young women who enter beauty contests and bathing revues are made the objects of such advertising as seen in the daily papers, the line should be drawn. We have no desire to cast reproach upon any prize-winning girl. For aught we know they are all charming personalities. But in principle such contests are wrong. They bear no good fruit. If the contests attracted only the respectable element, they might be safe; but they attract the vicious as well. Winners are immediately sought for public appearances—theatrical, cabaret, dances, etc., and are exposed to temptations which it would be better for beautiful young girls to avoid.

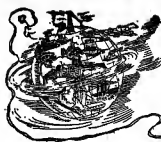
After all the old sayings, "beauty is only skin deep" and "beauty is as beauty does," though trite, and old-fashioned, are as true today as they were a hundred years ago.

* * *

Since the above was written the National Council of Catholic women have started a crusade against bathing reviews. A dispatch reports that Mrs. George V. McIntyre of Chicago, president of the Catholic Big Sisters, led the attack. She said:

"Mothers should know that it is not beneficial to any girl to be placed on a reviewing stand and judged by men, point by point, just as a horse or some other animal at a stock show might be judged.

"It is exploitation of the girl, pure and simple. It affects the girls detrimentally in many ways. It makes some of them bold, others jealous. Still others become acquainted with men that they should not be allowed to meet, and the whole atmosphere they are suddenly plunged into is not good for them. They are showered with gifts from business houses that they would not otherwise receive; they become acquainted with luxuries that they never had before, for many of the girls are from the working classes, and their whole environment is changed—many many times for the worse."



SIGNS ^{of the} TIMES

BY J. M. SJODAHL



THE BOOK OF MORMON

As is well known, the 22nd of Sept., this year, was the 100th anniversary of the day on which the angel Moroni took the golden plates out of their carefully prepared bed in the ground in the Hill Cumorah. That historical event took place on Sept. 22, 1827, and on that day, the sacred record was entrusted to the care of the chosen servant of the Lord, Joseph Smith, the prophet. A little more than two years later, in the spring of 1830, the translation was published—one of the greatest literary miracles ever recorded in history.

ITS PURPOSE

The publication of this ancient American record has a double purpose.

One is clearly stated in a revelation given in 1828, in which the Lord says the plates were preserved that the promises of the Lord might be fulfilled and the knowledge of a Savior come to the Nephites, the Jacobites, the Josephites, and Zoramites, and the Lamanites, the Lemuelites and the Ishmaelites, all of whom are still represented on the American continents—and there are millions of them. The Book of Mormon will still be a messenger of the Gospel to all these whom we call with a common name, Lamanites. (Doc. and Cov. 3:16-20.)

But the Book of Mormon has also another mission. It is a witness for Christ against the atheism of our age.

You know, the Protestant world started out with an appeal from a corrupt and apostate church to the infallible word of God, as contained in the Bible. Here, then, was a higher authority than popes and church councils, and the acceptance of this new principle of authority aroused the world

to a realization of the rights of man, God-given from the beginning, and the result, in due time, was the conception and establishment of the American principles of government, on which our great republic rests.

But lately, the attacks of atheism have been directed against the Bible, the highest Protestant authority. And, thanks to the efforts of so-called "higher critics," the false impression has been created that the Bible and the sciences are contradicting each other. The Bible has, therefore, very largely been discarded, and man has been left without any final authority at all. But the need of such authority has always been felt. The sceptics have, therefore, substituted human reason for the revealed word. Human reason, it is contended, has the power within itself of discovering truth, and nothing but what can thus be discovered needs be accepted as binding. That is, virtually, to dethrone God and to put man in his place, which is about as rational as dancing around a golden calf, instead of worshiping the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Now, in the Book of Mormon, we have another witness for the existence of God and his only begotten Son and the Holy Ghost; for the story of the creation, for the fall of the man, the atonement, the Priesthood, the resurrection, the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the entire Gospel. And this witness cannot be impeached. The Lord has fixed it so that "higher criticism" can get no hold on it.

CELESTIAL MARRIAGE

The Prophet Joseph, as an instrument in the hands of the Lord, gave to the world the Book of Mormon.

He also brought forth another marvelous work. I refer to the temple work, and more especially, to marriages for time and eternity, or celestial marriage. This was specially revealed through him, as the closing work of his divine mission. We can now begin to understand the importance of this revelation.

In the world, marriage has become, in many cases, a mockery. There are "trial marriages" and "companionable marriages," which an Episcopal bishop recently rightly characterized as "harlotry." There are also an ever-growing number of divorces. It is said that the divorces in this country now amount to one in every seven marriages. But that means that the American home is about to be broken up, and that the very keystone of the arch is sliding out of place. Unless a remedy is found, the structure of both state and church may collapse.

The divorces are rightly considered the cause of a great deal of the crime that is rampant in our day. A Chicago judge said the other day that nine out of every ten boys who came before him had been bereft of the care of father or of mother, or of both. Another judge claims that ninety per cent of criminally inclined children come from homes that have been broken up by death, desertion or divorce. He had found, he said, that the child which had lost its father or its mother, had been bereft of ninety per cent of its legitimate heritage, as regards its opportunities in life. The reason why a child having both a father's or a mother's care should have a better chance to become a useful citizen than one with only one parent, he did not know. But he knew that it is a fact. Two parents complement each other when it comes to the training of the child. It is when the home is broken up, generally by sin, that the child is left helpless in life's battle.

If this is so, we can understand how important to the state as well as the

church it is to build homes upon the rock of revelation concerning celestial marriage, and not on the loose sand of whim and lust.

In view of prevailing conditions, I believe I may say that if Joseph Smith had done nothing else than given to the people of God that revelation concerning the eternity of the marriage relation, he would be entitled to a place among the greatest of the prophets of God.

AVIATION

The visit to this city of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh gave us all a chance to see a young man, brave as the ancient vikings who navigated the stormy seas in their frail shells—a young man, foremost in the art of aviation, and yet modest, kind and tactful.

But his visit here has also emphasized the pitiful fact that so many recently have given their lives in efforts to equal or even surpass his feat in crossing the Atlantic without stopping anywhere on the road. Between the 5th of May and the 3rd of September, no less than fifteen flyers, including two women, have been lost. It is evident that there are perils in the air, such as head winds, dangerous air pockets, and hurricanes, against which the aviator is still unable to contend successfully.

Colonel Lindbergh is, according to reports, a morally clean youth. He does not drink; he does not smoke. His mind is clear. Perhaps that accounts for his success in the midst of dangers.

GERMANY IN THE LEAD

On Sept. 5, the Assembly of the League of Nations convened at Geneva. Forty-eight nations were represented.

Newspaper correspondents in the service of military interests, long before the meeting, wrote their usual predictions of failure, on the alleged ground that the League now has no great issue to keep it together. I more

than suspect that they hoped to get powerful assistance in the League itself for the fulfilment of the dismal prediction, now that Viscount Cecil has been forced out of the British cabinet and President Coolidge has thought it best to retreat from his naval policy of retrenchment, if not from public life; but their prophecy has not yet come true. The League is more vigorous than ever.

On Sept. 9, Dr. Gustav Stresemann, foreign minister of Germany, announced that his country would accept the compulsory arbitration clause of the world court. That means, if his policy is carried out, that, as far as Germany is concerned, aggressive war will, from now on, be outlawed. It means that France will, in the German policy itself, have the "security" for which its government leaders have been clamoring all these years. It means, furthermore, that all the smaller nations will rally around Germany as their leader among nations, and that it will become the most influential power on the European continent. Mr. Stresemann's words deserve to be repeated. War, he said, is not a creative force that opens paths to better destinies. What is needed is closer economic collaboration among all nations, with just wages and fair conditions

for workers. "Public opinion in Germany," he added, "is in entire agreement with the fundamental ideas of mutual understanding and peace. More than any other country Germany needs security, if it is to support a growing population in a reduced territory. Therefore, we are most anxious to be pioneers in achieving general peace, which is the ideal of the league of nations."

This is, notwithstanding Sir Austen Chamberlain's strange oratory on Sept. 10, the most encouraging news from Europe we have had for some time.

I am not over-optimistic. I admit that we may not yet be prepared for the Millennium. Possibly, as Marshal Foch recently predicted, there will be another world war in 15 or 20 years; that is what men in his occupation would like to see; but, if so, the war itself will compel the world to form another League, and this will go on, perhaps with alternating failure and success, until the Millennial League of Nations is established under the sovereignty of our Lord and Savior and those whom he shall appoint to rule with him. That day will come, because it is part of God's great plan of salvation, predicted by all the prophets from the beginning of the world.

The Man who Wins

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
On the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help some failure to rise again.
Yes, he is the man who wins.

—The Warren Lutheran.



Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Reverently.

ALFRED. M. DURHAM.



SACRAMENT GEM FOR DECEMBER, 1927

"I come to Thee all penitent,
I feel Thy love for me;
Dear Savior, in this Sacrament
I do remember Thee."

Postlude



CONCERT RECITATION FOR DECEMBER, 1927

(Matthew Chapter 12, Verse 30)

"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven,
the same is my brother, and sister, and mother,"

**Uniform Fast Day Lesson for
December, 1927**

The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Who is My Neighbor?

Read Luke X:25-37.

The parable of the good Samaritan is the classical answer to the question, Who is my neighbor? Its meaning should, of course, be extended in a multitude of ways to meet all human needs. Individuals do at times need medical and nursing aid, food, clothing, and shelter. In addition, however, there are spiritual needs which, if less necessary, are yet even more important. The custom of sending Christmas greetings by cards is one common method of contributing toward the spiritual needs of friends. This may be done in such a way as to be worth while, or it may become a mere form without real meaning. It is much more important that friendly greetings, encouragement in the struggle for right, and a helping hand in time of need be extended to associates, co-workers, and others, as opportunity is afforded. These are not matters to receive attention on special occasions only;

they belong to all the days and all the years.

Jesus often performed the part of the good Samaritan in healing the sick and the sorrowing; His greater mission, however, was in ministering to the spiritual needs of all who would accept this service.

It is natural for people to desire the love and the confidence of their fellow-men. It is a requirement of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that, wherever possible, this love and confidence be given, and with it a spirit of neighborly helpfulness.

Make Yourself Heard

It has been truly said that one fruitful source of disorder is the failure of the superintendent, or others who may be leading the exercises, to make themselves heard and to speak with sufficient variation of inflection in their voices so that there is no drowsy monotonous effect. Speak in short sentences. Think of what you expect to say before you say it. Do not stumble over your sentences and repeat parts of them. This is especially likely to occur in making announcements, unless they are written and read, or well thought out beforehand.—S. S. Executive.



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF PRESTON, NEVADA, AT MAY DAY OUTING

John M. Sorenson, Superintendent; Hyrum D. Whitlock, First Assistant; Carl A. Madsen, Second Assistant.

SECRETARIES' DEPARTMENT

Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

AUDITING

Sometime ago the recommendation was made to stake secretaries that they audit ward records with the view of making certain that they conform to the desired standards of accuracy and completeness, and that written approval, conditional or otherwise, be entered upon the margin of the record and be signed by the stake secretary. See the July issue, Secretaries' department.

Observation and experience confirm the value of this practice, which is again earnestly recommended to stake secretaries.

To ward secretaries the wisdom of putting their work in condition to earn hearty approval of all who examine it should be readily seen.

Summaries

When such auditing is done is an opportune time to emphasize the value of quarterly summaries.

These summaries provide a short cut to the information the superintendency will need to give them intelligent control over the destiny of their Sunday School enterprise. A superintendency, which pays no attention to the movement of the school, is generally struggling with elusive, hidden and vexatious problems, which could be brought out clearly into the open by a regular investigation into the movement of the school as revealed by the quarterly summaries.

On every hand are abundant evidences of the fact that life is never stationary, but ever moving backward toward deterioration and destruction or forward toward more abundant life. This great law applies to Sunday Schools. Sickly and ailing schools are neglected schools. The ailments have stealthily crept in, when the superintendency has not been on the watch. These invisible ailments can be detected through a study of the records. They do not remain long when the superintendency have reliable records, which reveal intimately the condition of the school.

Secretaries owe it to their schools to keep records which tell the story fully, truly and promptly. They owe it to their

superior officers, the superintendency, to let it be known that their records hold much valuable information for their use in conducting the affairs of the school. Superintendencies have to learn the value of records through use. Inexperienced superintendents need the best records and experienced superintendents won't have anything else but the best.

Significant Reports

Secretaries need not wait passively for the superintendency to come and examine their excellent records. Rather secretaries should take the initiative in the preparation of significant reports, which show intimately the condition of the Sunday School. These reports should be prepared regularly and frequently for the superintendency. A problem of importance to the school might be selected and a statistical study made of it with the view of throwing as much light as possible upon it for the enlightenment of the superintendency.

For example, Sunday School workers of experience testify that there is a definite relation between a good Sunday School and a true prayer meeting. What do your records show? Where tardiness is tolerated, other weaknesses breed. What do your records show? Pupils lose interest and absent themselves from Sunday School—losing the value which Sunday School offers—when teachers are irregular in attendance or indifferent to their duties of attendance at prayer meeting, monthly report and business meeting, Sacramento meeting and Union meeting. What do your records show?

In such investigations the more complete and accurate records are the more valuable and useful they prove to be. In fact, it is a waste of time to keep any but complete and accurate records. Your life and time are too precious to waste in useless record keeping. You owe it to yourself to see to it that you devote your life and time only to work which is useful and worthwhile. This applies with direct force to your secretarial work.

Keep this in mind when you are preparing to make the annual report this year.

MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

Fast Day Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is my neighbor?

For the general treatment of this subject, see Superintendents' Department of this magazine, and for its adaptation to your class see that department section.

For schools having three classes only:

Theological Department: From the text

"The Apostles of Jesus Christ." (Anderson.)

Intermediate Department. "Stories from text "Our Church and People," (Evans.)

Primary Department: "Stories from the Life of Christ."

For schools having more than three departments:

The same lessons as assigned for the Home Schools, as given in the respective departmental sections of this magazine.

CHORISTERS and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT

Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

Song Practice for December—No. 123,
D. S. S. Songs

"The World is Full of Beauty"

Words: To show that beauty is in all things and appreciated more fully when the heart is full of love.

Music: To be sung with a lightness, smoothness, grace and dignity so that our deepest thoughts will instinctively blend themselves with love for the beautiful.

Questions: How will you determine upon a correct tempo for this song?

What relation does tone quality have to the interpretation?

In Memory of the Sacrifice

ANNIE D. PALMER.

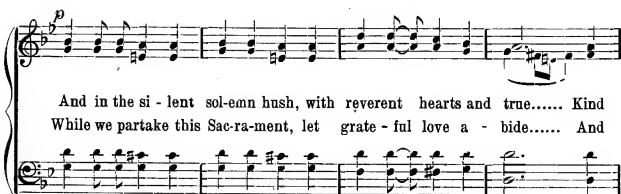
Slowly and softly.

WILLY RESKE.

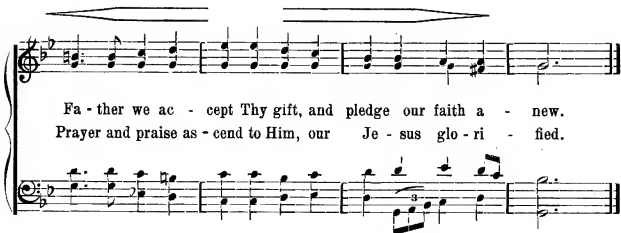
1. In mem-'ry of the sac-ri-fice which on-ly One might make, In
2. Praise God who gave His ho-ly Son our lives from death to win; And

mem'ry of a per-fect love..... these emblems we par-take;
glo-ry be to Je-sus' name..... who paid the price for sin!

p

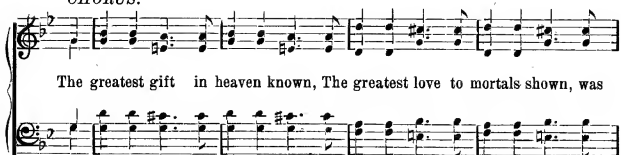


And in the si - lent sol-enn hush, with re-verent hearts and true..... Kind
While we partake this Sac-ra-ment, let grate - ful love a - bide..... And



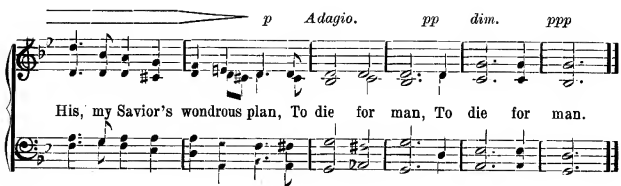
Fa - ther we ac - cept Thy gift, and pledge our faith a - new.
Prayer and praise as - cend to Him, our Je - sus glo - ri - fied.

CHORUS.



The greatest gift in heaven known, The greatest love to mortals shown, was

p *Adagio.* *pp* *dim.* *ppp*



His, my Savior's wondrous plan, To die for man, To die for man.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Charles H. Hart,
Milton Bennion, George R. Hill, and Mark Austin*

Home-Community Class

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Life Ideals for Youth—Keeping the Faith

Text: Citizenship, Part III, Lesson 21: 12.

Objective: To develop in parents appreciation of the great difficulties of the period of youth with respect to religious faith, and to find the best methods of guiding youth through this period.

Supplementary Materials: The Moral Teachings of the New Testament; The Standard Works of the Church; Histories of the Church in our own times; Books and pamphlets on the harmony of science and religion.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Note should be taken of the fact that most young people now-a-days receive a high school education and many go to college. In any case, if they are alive intellectually, they come in contact with current, scientific and philosophical thought, some of which seems to be in conflict with the scriptural record of creation as it has usually been understood. It is important that young people should not be forced into a position where they feel impelled to choose either the scriptural or the scientific account and reject the other. They should rather be led to solve the apparent conflict between science and religion and to retain their faith in both, each in its proper sphere.

Religion is concerned primarily with man's relation to God and to his fellow-men, and with his eternal destiny, and the means by which it is to be determined; this will include his duties to God and to fellowmen.

Science, that is, natural science, is concerned with observation and interpretation of nature, including man as one among many living organizations. Natural science proper neither affirms nor denies

God or supernatural power; it simply omits consideration of anything beyond nature as observed by the scientist. Unfortunately some people interpret this to be denial of supernatural power. It should not be so understood. Much of the trouble has arisen because of some scientists assuming a dogmatic, negative attitude toward religion and because some preachers have taken a similar attitude toward science. The solution seems to lie in leaving to science the things that pertain to science and to religion the things that pertain to religion.

Problems for Teachers

1. What is the chief source of knowledge of principles of religion?
2. What is the chief source of knowledge of science?

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Life Ideals for Youth—Cultivation of Reverence

Text: Same as for the preceding lesson.

Objective: To develop better understanding of the meaning of reverence and to find the best methods of cultivating in youth the spirit of reverence.

Supplementary Material: Various scriptural readings; such as, the 19th Psalm, parts of the Sermon on the Mount, St. John's Gospel; Sisson, E. O.—The Essentials of Character, Chapter 10.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Study the meaning of reverence as an attitude. What are its elements? Does it include respect? Personal humility? Awe? How is it related to faith?

Study the conditions of your places of worship. Do these conditions suggest a spirit of reverence, or the reverse? Study the manner in which your public religious assemblies are conducted. Do those who preside and those that otherwise take part in the exercises manifest a spirit of reverence? What can be done to remedy any unfavorable conditions you may discover? How may the spirit of reverence be cultivated in the home? What is the place and the function of family worship?

The spirit of reverence cannot be driven into people, for instance, by exhorting them to be reverent. It is rather something to be cultivated by example and by creation of favorable conditions. It

applies not only to God and to the principles of religion, but to all that is good. A respectful and appreciative attitude toward all that is true, beautiful, or good has in it, at least, some elements of reverence. Suggestions made in previous lessons to and including November 27th, also have value for this lesson.

Problems for Teachers

1. In what ways may music be made to contribute to development of reverence? Consider both instrumental and vocal kinds of instruments and selection of music suitable for both home and church.

2. How may prayer and selected scriptural readings be made to contribute towards cultivation of reverence?

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

Parent-Theological Class

DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER, 1927

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Lesson 75. Salvation for the Dead

Text: Doctrine and Covenants.

Objective: The dead shall be judged "according to their own works, whether they themselves have attended to the ordinances in person, or by the means of their agents."

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: It was ordained before the foundation of this world was laid that all spirits sent to earth should hear the Gospel and be given a chance of accepting it (124:33; 128:5.) Now, since many spirits came to earth at times when the Gospel was not present, they must learn the principles of the Church of Christ in the spirit world. Moreover, since baptism and other ordinances are indispensable for entrance to the Church and belong to this earth, the living must act as agents for the dead, and be baptized for

them; for the dead shall be judged "according to their works, whether they themselves have attended to the ordinances in person, or by means of their own agents." (128:8.)

This is a very important principle, for we can not be made perfect unless our dead are made perfect (128:18.) In fact, the earth will be cursed unless the work for the dead be attended to.

The Prophet Elijah appeared in the Kirtland Temple and committed to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the Keys of this dispensation, including authority to do the work of being baptized and performing other ordinances for the dead. (110:13-16.)

The work for the dead should always be done in the temples. (124:29, 30, 39.)

The Holy Priesthood alone possesses this power. Whatever it seals on earth will be sealed in heaven. Therefore, the only authority under which efficient work for the dead can be done, is that of the Holy Priesthood. (128:8-11, 14; 132:45, 46.)

Very careful records must be kept of the work done for the dead. A recorder should be present, who should be an eyewitness to the ordinances performed, and who therefore, can testify to the truth of the records. (127:6.)

The reason for this requirement lies in the fact that the dead shall be judged from the books containing a record of their works. (128:7.)

Application: "The earth will be smitten with a curse unless there is a welding link of some kind or other between the fathers and the children upon some subject" and that subject is the baptism for the dead."

Questions for Teachers

1. Why is it necessary that work be done for the dead, and by what authority and where is it done?

2. Why must careful records be kept of all work done for the dead?

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Lesson 76. Temples.

Text: Doctrine and Covenants.

Objective: To show that the temples are sanctuaries of the Lord, tabernacles of the Holy Spirit for our edification, in which He has manifested Himself and has promised to appear in the future.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: During the early days of the Church the Lord indicated that the people must build temples (57:3.) This commandment has been repeated frequently, and it has been acted upon as shown

in the completion of nine temples during the existence of the Church.

The temples are sanctuaries of the Lord, tabernacles of the Holy Spirit for our edification (88:137) in which He has manifested Himself (110:2-10), and has promised to appear in the future (110:2-10), providing, however, that they be not polluted (110:8.) In the temples the faithful members of the Church receive their endowments or special ordinances which are among the greatest blessings of the Church, and are necessary to our salvation (95:8; 105:33.) (Read 124:37-42.) In the temples, also the vicarious work for the dead must be performed (124:29, 30, 39.)

A careful record should be kept of all the work done in the temples (127:9; 128:4.)

The temples of the Church are built according to the commandments of the Lord, by tithing and other contributions of the people (94:15; 97:11; 119:2.) The Prophet Joseph was commanded not to go into debt for the building of the houses of the Lord (115:13-16.) It is an

interesting fact that the Lord has revealed, at least in one case, the pattern according to which a temple should be built (95:13-17.)

Temples are to be built "that I may reveal mine ordinances therein unto my people" (124:40.) Marriages are solemnized in our temples. Official declaration—Doc. and Cov., p. 256.

Application: "Yea, the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands shall greatly rejoice in consequence of the blessings which shall be poured out and the endowment with which my servants have been endowed in this house."

Questions for Teachers

1. Where has the Lord promised to appear unto His people?
2. Where have the plans for the temples been obtained?

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

After-Thoughts Of "Vi" and Lulu

The deaths of Mrs. Mary Elvira Truelson Winter who among her associates was affectionately called Vi, and Mrs. Lulu Ormsby Goff, occurring but a few hours apart, came as a double shock to the many devoted relatives and sincere friends of these two highly gifted and admirable young women. The former was the wife of Arthur Winter of the Latter-day Saint Church Offices, where she was also employed previous to their marriage two years ago. The latter death came to Lulu as a sweet release from physical suffering which had been long and patiently endured. Her husband, Harold Goff, who is managing Editor of The Deseret News, is away on a tour for world information with a selected company of United States editors, being in France at the time of his wife's passing. Surely the death messenger is no respecter of times, circumstances or individuals.

No flowers so fair they may not fade and die,
Nor stars so bright they may not sink to rest.
No gifts so perfect from the world on high,
But they may pass from those who love them best.

Two women, gifted, beautiful, beloved,
Within a few short hours were borne across
Death's silent stream. Their little world is moved.
And two devoted husbands mourn their loss.

But God has spoken in this latter time,
And through His Prophet has restored the key
Of marriage for Eternity—sublime—
Whence after death no parting pangs shall be.

Crushed hearts bereft do best when they occur,
Confess God's hand to His great will resigned,
Which ever proves too just and wise to err,
Too good and merciful to be unkind.

The two excellent departed mothers of Vi and Lulu have at different periods in the past been close and appreciated friends of the writer of the above tribute.

—Lula Greene Richards.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

*General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Robert L. Judd and Elbert D. Thomas:
Third and Fourth Years, Albert E. Bowen*

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Lesson 34. Paul's Journey to Rome and Labors There

Text: "Apostles of Jesus Christ, chapter 36.

Objective: To show that Paul's teachings conform to those of the Church today and that in them is the truth.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: In this closing lesson if time will permit after covering the subject matter of the text, review with the class Paul's life, making every effort to make the best and biggest things therein a part of the lives of the students.

Consider with them the elements of real manhood and real service. Have them point out how many of these elements were exemplified in the life of Paul.

Questions for Teachers

1. Name the qualities that you consider stand out foremost in the life of Paul.
2. How can all profit most from the study of Paul's life?

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Oral Comprehension Review

Questions

1. Was Jesus Christ a great giver?
2. Why do you answer yes?
3. Why was Paul a true saint?
4. Is there work for us at home?
5. With whom should we work?
6. Was there a difference between the Grecian God and Paul's God?
7. What was the difference?
8. Is it necessary to baptize of the Holy Ghost?

9. Why is it necessary?
10. How are we baptized of the Holy Ghost?
11. Did Paul prophesy regarding the great apostasy?
12. Did it start even in his day?
13. Did the great apostasy make necessary a restoration?
14. Who accomplished the restoration of the Gospel?
15. Who first established the Sabbath day as the first day of the week?
16. Is its use recognized and approved of by our Heavenly Father?
17. What sustained Paul in all his persecutions?
18. Will it sustain us in right doing?
19. What impresses you most in Paul's life?
20. What will help us to become like him.

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

Advanced Theological Department

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Lesson 34.

Objective: To get from the members of the class the personal estimate of the year's course of study.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: We suggest that this class period be devoted to a general class discussion in which class members freely express their personal estimates of the course of study pursued during the year. Induce members to state what features of the year's work has especially appealed to them and in what respects, if any, they have individually been benefited by the course of study pursued.

In order to make the class a success

there should be a careful assignment made the Sunday preceding that on which this lesson is to be taken up. The teacher should on that day state to the class the nature and purpose of the lesson to be considered the following Sunday, and ask all class members to come prepared with a statement of what has had a personal interest or appeal for them. The teacher may well suggest some items for individual consideration by class members, as for instance: Their view of the importance of the Hebrew Scriptures as a religious guide. Their estimate of the Book of Mormon; Has their attitude toward these Scriptures been affected by the year's work; The intimate connections between these scriptures and our Church History and organization. Of course, it will be necessary for the teacher to come well and definitely prepared with questions and suggestive topics for discussion, in order to give life and interest to the class. It should be easy to develop the exercise into a class testimony concerning the subjects studied during the year. It might be very helpful to have members state exactly the central purpose of the whole course of study to ascertain how fully they have apprehended what it is really all about.

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Oral Comprehension Review

Suggestive Questions

1. Was such a thing as urim and thummim known prior to the Book of Mormon translation?
2. By whom?
3. What was its use?
4. Is that, in your opinion less credible,

or more strange, than that man should have his vision aided by media of his own contrivance?

5. If when the challenge was issued to Jesus to come down from the cross He had done so, would that now be accepted as proof of His divinity?

6. What would probably be the explanation of such an account?

7. Where was probably the center of American population at the time of the final overthrow of the Nephite party?

8. After the destruction of the Nephite party what was the trend of movement of the Lamanites?

9. How did the civilization the Spaniards found in Mexico and Peru compare with their own?

10. What had this civilization attained?

11. What was the standard of their Government, industry, and religion?

12. What became of the ancient records of the American races after the Spanish conquest?

13. For what reason?

14. Name three particulars in which the ancient ruins found in America tend to corroborate the Book of Mormon story?

15. Give three reasons for thinking American ruins represent structures of great antiquity.

16. How does their existence support the Book of Mormon?

17. Why would you expect to find in American traditions accounts of important events resembling accounts given in the Bible?

18. Do you personally think that American traditions tend to prove the truth of the Book of Mormon?

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.



NORTH POCA TELLO WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL

Front row, left to right: Bishop, James V. Facer; Superintendent, Merland Clark; First Assistant, R. Fay Facer; Second Assistant, H. L. Lewis.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Adam S. Bennion, Chairman; Third and Fourth Years, Alfred C. Rees, Chairman and T. Albert Hooper

First Year—Our Church and People

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions. See also adaptation to this department in Third Year's work.)

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

In view of the fact that December 25 will be used for a special Christmas program and December 18 should be used for a general review, this lesson offers the only remaining opportunity for a consideration of the last three chapters of the text. It is suggested that they all be assigned to the class, and that various pupils be asked to report especially on those matters deemed to be of particular interest by the teacher.

The following suggestions are offered to constitute the day's major considerations:

- I. The Church and Its Organization.
 - a. General, stake and ward organization.
 - b. The advantages of a democratic organization.
 1. Greater opportunities for membership of the Church. (Enumerate the offices in a ward as typical.)
 2. Greater opportunities to discover leadership ability. Show the force of inherent rather than superimposed leadership.
 3. Greater safety from possible breaks between Leadership and Fellowship.
- II. Our Present Leaders.

Take this occasion to introduce to pupils all of those now engaged as their leaders.

 - a. Locally.
 - b. In the Stake.
 - c. In the Church generally.
- III. What We Believe.

It is suggested that this occasion be taken for a vital consideration of the Articles of Faith as a summary of

our outstanding beliefs. It will be genuinely helpful to pupils all their lives if they can be stimulated to a mastery of the thirteen articles.

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Oral Comprehension Review

1. What vegetation was growing in Salt Lake Valley in July, 1847?
2. What event does the Seagull Monument on the Temple Square commemorate?
3. Why was it difficult to secure food supplies in Utah in 1848?
4. Why were the Saints re-baptized after entering their new western home?
5. How did Brigham Young guard against "land grabbing" among the early settlers?
6. Name four articles which they manufactured in those first few years.
7. Name three counties in which settlements were established during the first four years after Utah's settlement.
8. What type of men did Brigham Young choose to establish these settlements?
9. Who was the first governor of the territory of Utah?
10. Name three evidences that these early pioneers were religious.
11. Name four qualities that made Brigham Young a great leader. Name five temples now in operation by the Church.
13. What three significant ordinances are practiced in these temples?
14. Name the steps essential to receiving eternal life.
15. Name six countries in which our missionaries are carrying on successful work.
16. What to you are the two most outstanding things about the plan of organization of our Church.
17. Name the seven presidents who have presided over the Church in this last dispensation.
18. Name the members of the present First Presidency.
19. Name six of the present apostles.
20. Indicate four important steps in obtaining a testimony.

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Exercises

Third Year—What it Means to be a "Mormon"

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Adaptation to Second Intermediate Department: Why do I believe that all men are my neighbors?

To Teachers:

Recall to the class the statement by the Savior that we should love our neighbor as ourselves. Then proceed to discuss how far that neighborhood extends. Is it the boy or girl just next door? Does it cover the block or the ward? Does it extend to the entire town or even farther? How far should our interest go in other people? Let the class tell what effect recent inventions have had upon the distance between nations and peoples? What have railroads, steamships, telegraph, airplane and radio done to distances? We are no longer isolated or independent of each other. We are very easily influenced and affected by what others do and think. Our neighborhood has thus grown to include the entire world. That makes a very large neighborhood; and the Lord asks us to love our neighbors. Does that mean all men—without exception? How can Latter-day Saint boys and girls prove that love in every day affairs?

One way is by setting a good example wherever they go—to show how people should live. They should attend to their duties in the Church and always look for opportunities to do good. Have some one tell the story of the Good Samaritan.

Everybody, far or near, high or low, educated or ignorant, is entitled to our interest, our good-will and acts of kindness. Does that mean that we cannot

refuse to do good to everybody? Or may we select some little group and show them our love?

How can Latter-day Saints influence the whole world—all our neighbors? Is it not through the Gospel by which we can show our love for them? We can show our love by teaching them the truth and by setting, a good example, always!

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Review of Year's Work

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Oral Comprehension Review

1. How is our Religion different to others?
2. What is meant by the Priesthood?
3. How did we receive it in this Church?
4. Give the name, of the President of the Church; the President of your Stake; the Bishop of your Ward; Superintendent of your Sunday School.
5. What value is the Word of Wisdom?
6. Give your reasons for believing that God is a person.
7. Why do you believe in the Resurrection?
8. Why do we send boys and girls on missions?
9. How does the mission help them?
10. How can Mormon boys and girls become leaders?
11. Why do we marry in the Temple?
12. Why is baptism necessary.
13. What does the Book of Mormon tell about?
14. Have you read all or part of it?
15. How does the Holy Spirit help a boy or girl?
16. Tell why you believe in prayer.
17. Why did the Pioneers come to Utah?
18. Why should the people of the Lord be gathered together?
19. Why are we baptized for the dead?
20. What does it mean to be "saved"?

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

Faith

By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in nature's breast!)

Teach me how to confide, and live my life and rest.

—Henry Van Dyke.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: Second and Third Years, George M. Cannon, Chairman, and Josiah Burrows; First and Fourth Years, Horace Cummings, Chairman, and Eugene Hilton

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Adaptation to First Intermediate Department.

Suggestions to Teachers: Suggestions appropriate to this lesson have already been presented under the title of The Golden Rule. The Uniform Fast Day Lesson for September, contained in the Juvenile for July, and to which the teachers are referred. The following note, having an important bearing on the lesson is submitted, as no doubt many of the teachers may not have access to the reference.

The Good Samaritan. "The parable with which our Lord replied to the lawyer's question is rich in interest as a story alone, and particularly so as an embodiment of precious lessons. It was withal so true to existing conditions, that, like the story of the sower who went forth to sow, and other parables given by the Lord Jesus, it may be true history as well as parable. The road between Jerusalem and Jericho was known to be infested by highway robbers; indeed a section of the thoroughfare was called the Red Path or Bloody Way because of the frequent atrocities committed thereon. Jericho was prominent as a residence place for priests and Levites. A priest who, out of respect to his office, if for no other cause, should have been willing and prompt in acts of mercy, caught sight of the wounded traveler and passed by on the far side of the road. A Levite followed; he paused to look, then passed on. These ought to have remembered the specified requirements of the law—that if one saw an ass or an ox fall down by the way, he should not hide himself, but should surely help the owner to lift the creature up again. If such was their duty toward a brother's beast, much greater was their obligation when a brother himself was in so extreme a plight.

Doubtless priest as well as Levite saved his conscience with ample excuse for his inhuman conduct; he may have been in a hurry, or was fearful, perhaps, that the robbers would return and make him also a victim of their outrage. Excuses are easy to find; they spring up as readily and plentifully as weeds by the wayside. When the Samaritan came along and saw the wretched state of the wounded man, he had no excuse, for he wanted none. Having done what he could by way of emergency treatment as recognized in the medical practice of the day, he placed the injured one upon his own beast, probably a mule or an ass, and took him to the nearest inn, where he tended him personally and made arrangements for his further care. The essential difference between the Samaritan and the others was that the one had a compassionate heart, while they were unloving and selfish. Though not definitely stated, the victim of the robbers was almost certainly a Jew; the point of the parable requires it to be so. That the merciful one was a Samaritan, showed that the people called heretic and despised by the Jews, could excel in good works. To a Jew, none but Jews were neighbors. We are not justified in regarding priests, Levite, or Samaritan as the type of his class; doubtless there were many kind and charitable Jews, and many heartless Samaritans; but the Master's lesson was admirably illustrated by the characters in the parable; and the words of His application were pungent in their simplicity and appropriateness." Jesus the Christ," Talmage, p. 431.

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Lesson 34. The Ministry of Jesus Among the Nephites

Text: III Nephi, chapters 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 26, 28.

Objective: To teach that the Book of Mormon adds a new witness to the organization and doctrines of the Church of Christ.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: As this course draws to a close, above all, the class must feel the reality of this whole story; that Jesus did come and do the things described in these writings. It was the fulfilment of prophecies

dating back to the time of Lehi, who saw what blessings would come to his people.

After recounting the fundamental teachings of Christ to the Nephites, the organization of His Church, the administration of the Sacrament, the healing and blessing of the people, etc., tell the story of the three Nephites.

The world is preparing for the return of that same Jesus, the Savior of the world. This Gospel has been restored to prepare the world for that great event.

As a conclusion to the year's work, it seems fitting that we should connect up in the minds of the boys and girls, the work of Moroni, the last of the Nephite prophets (later known to us as the Angel Moroni) with the work of Joseph the Prophet.

Describe to your class, in brief, how the records were begun by Nephi about 600 B. C., how they were handed down, cared for by representatives of the Priesthood in each succeeding generation; how the important events were recorded and how finally Moroni writes the last chapters of that remarkable but sad history, and hides up the plates in the hill Cumorah. That was about 421 A. D.

Trace then, in brief, the discovery of America; the "Indians" here; the blessings of God in founding and guarding the United States of America as a nation, that under its protection the Truth could again come to light.

You can thus make the connection complete.

Questions for Teachers

1. The concluding thought should call all to an appreciation of the Book of Mormon as the word of God. How can this best be done?

2. Compare the selection and organization of the twelve apostles in the days of Peter, and among the Nephites and in our own day.

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Oral Comprehension Review

1. Heleman led 2000 young men to victory in the war. Were they Nephites or Lamanites?

2. Who had taught them the truth and to obey God?

3. How do you account for the fact that none of them were killed?

4. Do we remember Morianton as being a good man or a wicked man?

5. For what do you remember Moroni?

6. Who was Samuel, and what did he do?

7. What great character did Samuel say would soon come?

8. What did he say would be two great signs of His birth?

9. How did the Nephites receive him?

10. Did the Prophet Samuel's predictions come true?

11. Did all the Nephites believe in Christ after they had seen the signs of His birth?

12. What did the Gadianton band do?

13. The leader of the robbers wrote a letter to Governor Lachoneus demanding that he turn the government over to the robbers. Did he do so?

14. How were the robbers overcome?

15. What happened here when Christ was crucified at Jerusalem?

16. How long did the darkness last?

17. Were the righteous destroyed with the wicked in the earthquakes?

18. After the darkness had passed the people who were left heard a quiet, piercing voice up above them. Whose was it?

19. After Christ had been resurrected, did many of the Nephites see Him?

20. Name four things that Christ did among the Nephites.

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

Third Year—Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor? (See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Note: In order to finish the text book "A Life of Christ for the Young" during the year, it is suggested that the following two lessons be condensed into one.

Lesson 34.

I. The Resurrection of Christ

Text: Matt. 28:1-15; Mark 16:1-14; Luke 24:1-8; John 20; Weed, "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 67, 68, 69.

Objective: To teach that the Resurrection of Christ was a reality and that it greatly affects all mankind.

Supplementary References: Talmage, J. E., "Jesus the Christ," pages 678 to 690.

Teachers: Do not allow anything to interfere with the presentation, in the best form, of this important lesson. After a brief review of the last lesson on the life of Christ, relate in story form the chief facts and events in connection with the rising from the dead of the Christ. Make it clear that He was "the first fruits of them that slept."

No argument need be presented to prove to the children the reality of this mighty event. Proceed at once with the account of it as is given in the Bible and commented on by the author of the text. Make it clear that the world has known no greater or more far reaching event than the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Point out in conclusion that as Christ rose from the dead so also through His atonement shall we arise.

To Teachers

Point out in a paragraph the relationship existing between an earnest believing attitude on the part of the teacher of this lesson and acceptance of its great truths with the proper spirit by the student.

II. "The Ascension"

Text: John 21:1-18; Weed, "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 71, 72.

Objective: To teach that we should look for and expect the return of Christ as promised by His angels.

Supplementary References: Talmage, J. E., "Jesus the Christ," pages 691-700.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Emphasize the importance of the Risen Lord's instructions to Peter, the head Apostle: "Feed my Lambs." Show how the faithful servants of the Lord are today cooperating with the Lord, endeavoring to feed with the priceless Spiritual food, the lambs (the children) whom the Savior loves. Tell of His final instruction to His Apostles and finally of His ascension to His Father in Heaven. Call attention to the promise of His return voiced by angels. He shall come in glory as promised and has already in our day appeared several times and has established His Latter-day Church.

To Teachers

Work out an analogy between the effect of proper bodily nourishment and proper spiritual food. "Feed my Lambs." What? When? How?

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Oral Comprehension Review

1. When Jesus was asked which is the

greatest commandment what did He reply?

2. What did He say was the next great commandment?

3. At two feasts the Savior was anointed with costly ointment. Once at Bethany by Mary, the sister of Lazarus. The other time at the house of a Pharisee. When Mary at Bethany anointed the head of Jesus what did Judas say?

4. In reply what did Jesus say about the poor?

5. What was Judas' motive in protesting: his love for the poor or his greed?

6. What did Judas do shortly after this for money?

7. When at the house of Simon the Pharisee, the Savior allowed the woman to anoint His feet, what did Simon think?

8. When Jesus read Simon's thoughts what did He say to Simon?

9. What was it Simon had failed to do?

10. What did the Savior remind Simon the woman had done?

11. What did the Savior say to the woman?

12. After the feast at Bethany and when Jesus entered Jerusalem how was he received?

13. At the feast known as the Last Supper in the upper room what lesson did Jesus teach?

14. After the meeting in the upper room where did Jesus go?

15. Leaving the others to watch, what prayer did the Savior offer?

16. While in the garden who betrayed Jesus?

17. How?

18. When Jesus had been condemned by the Jewish Court (The Sanhedrin) what did Judas do?

19. After the condemnation before the Sanhedrin (Jewish Court) before what authority was Jesus taken?

20. Why?

21. What was the name of the Roman Governor before whom Jesus was taken?

22. What did Pontius Pilate declare?

23. What did the Jews demand in reply?

24. After Jesus was crucified where was His body placed?

25. What happened the third day after the crucifixion?

26. To whom did Jesus first appear after His resurrection?

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, Mabel Cook, Tessie Giaque, and Lucy Gedge Sperry

WORK FOR DECEMBER, 1927

Preview Questions

1. We have sought to adapt the Fast Day lesson to the children of the Primary Department, which, though applicable to us also, does not cover the whole lesson there is to us in it in our broader lives. What is the lesson to you?

2. Whom did Jesus honor most while upon the earth?

3. In what ways does our Church give more opportunities for service than does any other?

4. (a) Which of the beatitudes appeals to you the most? Why? (b) Which would appeal most to children? Why?

5. What does the story of the rich young man teach us as to the relative values of the spiritual ideals as compared with the temporal ideals?

6. Why were such teachings as the beatitudes and "Love thy neighbor as thyself" so remarkable at the time of Christ?

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Adaptation of Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Note: In adapting this Uniform Fast Day Lesson to the Primary Department we have not used the story of the "Good Samaritan" because that is one of the lessons which comes later in the course and is too long to be used as an illustrative incident for the Fast Day thought.

Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do. Who is My Neighbor?

Text: Luke 10:25-37.

Song: "Seeds of Kindness," D. S. S. Songs No. 194.

Memory Gem: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Story: Show the class some pictures of foreign children dressed in their native costumes. Can anyone tell from which countries these children come? Would you like to leave your home and friends and go over to live among some of these children in their countries? How would you feel if you were the only American child near? Your dress and your language would seem very queer to them. They would not understand what you said and you would feel very lonely. How would you like them to treat you?

I once saw a Chinaman driving slowly and peacefully to market to sell his load of vegetables which he had raised by hard work. He was earning his living and bothering no one. Some boys standing on the corner called him names, jeered at his

driving, and then threw stones at him and his horse. The horse became frightened and ran away while the poor Chinaman screamed with terror. They do not use horses in China, so the Chinese are fearful of them and do not understand how to handle them well. The wagon was tipped over in the mud and the vegetables made unfit for sale. The boys laughed and thought it a good joke. What do you think of it? Would those boys have liked to have been treated in a similar manner if they had been living in China?

Jesus taught that all people are our neighbors and we should treat them as we should like to be treated. We should treat them according to the Golden Rule which you learned a few weeks ago. (Repeat it.)

I know of little foreign children who have cried and begged to stay home from school because other children have made fun of them. Is that treating them by the Golden Rule? Is that treating them as Jesus bids us? Do you know of any foreign children living here? What could you do to make them happier?

Note: The pictures to be used in this lesson could be collected from the children if they were asked the preceding Sunday to bring them. Picture postals are easy to obtain if no other better pictures are available.

Lesson 10. The Chosen Twelve

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 48.

Additional References: "Jesus the Christ," (Talmage) pages 217-229; "Life of Christ," (Farrar) chapter 10.

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Lesson 11. The Sermon on the Mount

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 53.

Additional References: "Jesus the Christ," (Talmage) pages 230-248; "Life of Christ," (Farrar) chapter 26. Papini, pages 85 and 94.

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Lesson 12. Christ and the Rich Young Man

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories," page 57.

Additional References: "Jesus the Christ," (Talmage) pages 476-478; "Life of Christ," (Farrar) pages 354-356.

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Blanche Love Gee and Inez Witbeck

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 4, 1927

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

General Subject: The example of Jesus: what it bids us do.

Special Topic: Who is My Neighbor?

(See Superintendents' Department, this issue, for helpful suggestions.)

Adaptation to this department.

Text: Luke X:26-37; "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 17.

Objective: Nobility of soul is developed by deeds of brotherly love.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Use pictures and blackboard illustration. Lead the children to see how we should be kind to those in need, not only by sharing what we have, but doing deeds of kindness. If some one falls, instead of laughing let us be the first to lend aid. Many old people are lonely and need a kind word of cheer. Go and tell them one of our Sunday School stories, or sing them a song. Many things we can do that will not cost us anything but a little thought beforehand. Lead the children to see what the word neighbor means. If Billy pulls faces and throws sticks, calls us names, let us just smile, and speak kindly to him.

Present each child with a cut-out man on which is written I am a "Good Samaritan: You be one, too."

Memory Gem:

Who comes here?
If a frown I say
There is no room for you to stay—
No room for two upon one face;
And a smile already has the place."

Rest Exercise: Let us be thoughtful of our neighbors and do a kindness for them.

Second Sunday, December 11, 1927

Lesson 34. The Birth of Jesus

Text: Matt. 1:18-25; Luke 1:26-38; 2:1-7.

Objective: The more we love the more we give.

Supplementary References: Isaiah 7:14; 9:6-7; I Nephi 11:13-22.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: "Our Father so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." That was the most wonderful gift the world has ever received. Lead the children to see why we have Christmas and what kind of spirit we should have. One of real love. We should give gifts because we love people and we want to express our love. Therefore, we give gifts. It isn't the price of the gift that counts, but the love that goes with it. A little hug and kiss with a whisper in our mama's or papa's ear of "I love you," often means more than the costly gift.

Present each child with a cut-out star on which is written:

One little word of love, or one little gift to show
Will tell our friends how much we care,
you know.

Or, you can get small pictures of the birth of Christ at a cent each from Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass.

Gem:

"Little gifts are precious, if a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers, as they do their part."

Songs for the month. Merry Xmas, p. 58, Kindergarten and Primary Songs; "Oh! Hush Thee, My Baby," S. S. Song Book; "One Within a Lowly Stable," Patty Hill, page 33.

Rest Exercise: What a joy is a baby in the home. In what ways may we show our love for baby. The children will suggest: Shake his rattle. Push his carriage, etc.

Third Sunday, December 18, 1927

Lesson 35. The Story of the Shepherds

Text: Luke 2:8-20.

Objective: The more we love the more we give.

Supplementary References: "Jesus the Christ," pp. 93, 94.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Use pictures, or blackboard illustrations. Lead the children to see that the birth of the Savior was made known to the poor and lowly as well as the rich and educated. Thus showing that our Father loved every one of His children. The angels share the glad tidings.

The shepherds, most likely, took a gift (a sheep.) Stimulate children to want to share things with poor orphans, or child's hospital. Present each child with a cut-out lamb, on which is written:

You don't need any stocking, you don't need any toys,
All you need is Xmas in your heart, dear girls and boys.

Songs: "Oh! Hush Thee, My Baby," "Far, Far Away," D. S. S. Song Book; "Away in a Manger," Primary Song Book; "Once Unto the Shepherds," Patty Hill; "Shine, Bright Star," Patty Hill.

Rest Exercise: Decorate the Christmas tree for a sick child.

Fourth Sunday, December 25, 1927

Christmas Day Exercises.

Suggestive Stories:

- "Why the Chimes Rang."
- "The Three Wise Men."
- "The Great Walled City."
- "The First Christmas."

Preview Questions

1. Why did Jesus give the parable of the "Good Samaritan?"
2. Why was Jesus' birth to receive more publicity than John's?
3. In the story of the shepherds, what three ways are suggested that we might share with others in making them happy?
4. What do you consider the best way to express the true Christmas spirit?

RELIGION CLASSES

*Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill,
Brigham Young University*

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTES

Stake Educational Institutes through-out the Church will commence immediately following the October Conference. Two major meetings will be held, the morning session at 10 a. m. being devoted largely to Religion Class and Seminary work, the afternoon to Teacher Training.

To make these meetings most effective it is absolutely necessary that all workers be present. In the morning every Religion Class worker should be there, and in the afternoon, in the interest of Teacher Training, we hope the entire stake membership will turn out. Teacher Training is this year to receive an impetus, we hope, the like of which heretofore has not been given it. It has proved to be very helpful to the ones who have given it a thorough trial and our policy is sufficiently established to warrant us pushing it vigorously. For further word concerning your institute, see your stake and ward authorities.

Reports to Parents

Report forms have recently been sent to stake superintendents for distribution through the ward principals to all teachers of classes. These reports are to be made out by the teachers covering each pupil's work in Religion Class, and sent to parents. The form is self-explanatory, yet the following may be helpful instruction:

We believe the most satisfactory basis on which marking should be made is as follows: (Of course, the number of classes held, classes attended, classes missed and times tardy, are statistical in nature and need no interpretation). Deportment, Preparation, and Participation, you will notice, are to be graded Excellent, Good, Fair, or Unsatisfactory. Just what deportment, for instance, is excellent, good, fair, or unsatisfactory, is often considered a difficult matter of determination. On a normal distribution, a few pupils are considered excellent, a substantial number good, another substantial number fair, and a few unsatisfactory. This means nothing, however, except that the marks of each pupil should be considered in relation to the general conduct of all of the class. Under exceptional teachers all pupils of the class might be considered excellent in comparison with the pupils of another class, and still have the normal distribution within its own group. In other words, teachers should select the few pupils who are exceptional and mark them excellent, those a little better than average, give a mark of good, those average or a little better, fair, and those below average, unsatisfactory.

We are assured that parents welcome the receiving of the report. They want to know how their children are getting on. Teachers may well use these reports as a basis of cooperation between parent and teacher in stimulating interest in

Religion Class enrollment and attendance, and more than that in importance, in reaching the heart of the children.

Where God Is

Uthai Vincent Wilcox

In sermon and song, God the Father has too often been described as sitting upon a great white throne, resplendent in all its glory, while all about Him are legions of angels ready to do His instant bidding. The wealth of all the world is at His feet. His palace shines with countless pillars of silver and gold, inlaid with diamonds and sapphires. All power is His, and no man can stay His hand.

All that is true; but too much emphasis on it alone partakes of the pagan conception of the Deity. Even for our reverence and adoration, we do not need or want a God who is only like this. God, the God of Christianity, has a great heart beating in love and sympathy with the world's suffering, and appreciates the struggle of the children of men.

Many men in times past have attempted to keep the Christ in the cloistered seclusion of the great cathedral. There He will not stay, for His heart is out with men where they live and work,—out in the homes where mothers watch over their

babes; out in the schools where boys and girls are learning the ways of life; out in the hospitals where human beings suffer on beds of sickness and pain; yes, and out in the hovels of poverty; out in the places of evil and sin where all that is of richest worth in life is being squandered for a pittance, and where untold agony of mind and soul is even now torturing its helpless, sin-sick wanderers. Yes, it is the Father who is "running to meet the returning prodigal, he who was lost and is found, and who was dead and is alive again."

Each Life a Book

"Ev'ry day we turn a new page,
Ev'ry day our page starts clean,
Ours the task to write a new sheet
Of the things we've done and seen.

"Each new page should be well written,
Each new deed a treasured thought,
So tomorrow we may profit
By the things that we have wrought.

"Evening signs our pages daily;
Evening reads our record fair;
God in heaven seals our friendship
As we pray our evening prayer."
—By Gordon Edward Raffety, International Journal of Religion Education.

Joy in Prayer

Lives there a mother with soul so dead,
Who never to her God has said,
"Take these the treasures thou hast given
And lead them safely back to Heaven.
And if, perchance, their feet should stray
Too near the broad much-traveled way
That's strewn with sin and paved with sorrow,
And only brings a sad tomorrow,
Help them to see the beckoning light,
Retard the fatal step, in fear they might
Rush blindly on in innocence of youth.
Teach them to walk in purity and truth."

Or a mother who with grief is spent,
Who has not to her Savior sent
From out the agony of soul
This message, in tears she cannot control:
"Cool thou the aching fevered brow,
Of this my child, and teach me how
To trust in thee until the change shall come
And bravely say 'Thy will be done?'"
If such there be, no matter where,
Who has never known the joy of prayer,
Comfort and give her light to see
The rest that she mayst find in Thee.

Cleveland, Utah

Mrs. Kate Richards.

Children's Section



A Glimpse of Long Ago
Book of Mormon Stories for the Home

By Leah Brown

CHAPTER 5. THE VOYAGE

"Oh, Ned, your bow and arrows were so fine, I wonder if we cannot build a little ship so we can play we are sailing, while grandpa tells us about the voyage," said Gertrude.

"Good idea," laughed Ned. "Shall we make it of wood, or just paper like we made in school?"

"Let's just make a paper one. And we can take my water colors and paint it like the one in my picture book," suggested Gertrude.

"And we'll take a piece of paper and paint it blue for the ocean, with big, white waves rolling," said Ned.

"And make paper dolls for the people. Oh, what fun! I wish we were ready," laughed Gertrude; "but I must help mama with the dishes first. We're going to play that we are working in camp."

"So am I," said Ned. "Let's hurry," and with a glad shout he ran to the woodshed. When at last the wood box was piled high with wood, and the dishes, clean and dry were placed in the cupboard, Ned and Gertrude crept softly away where they could do their work undisturbed. All afternoon they worked steadily, snipping, pasting, and painting, and at last the ship stood in readiness at the harbor.

"Now we are ready for the voyage," said Gertrude. "I wonder if grandpa is ready."

"I'll tell you, let's not take our ship in until they go to supper," suggested Ned as he went to the sitting room door and peeped in. "Why, they're all gone now," he whispered in surprise, "Let's go in."

So, softly they crept in and arranged the ship in front of the hearth, then ran gaily into the dining room to claim a share of the supper. When the meal was over Ned and Gertrude led them all back to the fireplace.

"Goodness me!" chuckled grandpa in surprise, "we are sure enough ready for the voyage. Put from the shore, my merry men, and we shall sail."

"I'll bet they were happy away out there on the ocean with the compass to guide them," said Ned. "It would be so different to traveling on land as they had done."

"No," said grandpa, "the voyage was not a pleasant one, for after they had sailed for many days, Laman and Lemuel and some of the sons of Ishmael and their wives began to sing and dance and to be very rude. Fearing that Heavenly Father would be displeased with them, Nephi began to talk to them again and it made them very angry. 'Our younger brother shall not be ruler over us,' said Laman and Lemuel, and they took him and bound him with strong cords. Suddenly the compass refused to work. The wicked brothers knew not where to steer the ship and were driven into a terrible storm. The wind blew fiercely and the angry waves lashed upon the ship. It looked as if it would be swallowed up in the great ocean. Great was their excitement. Nephi's father and mother, who were now quite old, fell very sick. They begged their wayward sons to unloose Nephi; the women and children cried in terror, and they all prayed to their Heavenly Father to save them from death. For days the storm raged and grew worse and worse. The ship was tossed to and fro and no one could guide it. At last, fearing that they would be lost in the

foaming sea, Laman and Lemuel loosed the cords that bound Nephi. His wrists and ankles were swollen and very sore. Yet he did not complain, but arose and prayed to God to calm the storm. Immediately the wind ceased and the compass began to guide them again."

"Good," whispered Gertrude, as she breathed a sigh of relief. "I was afraid they would be drowned."

"No, they were not drowned," said grandpa. "The storm was only God's punishment for their disobedience. We find that the greatest trials the world has ever known have come because of the wickedness of its people. But when men repent of their evil ways God is always ready to bless and protect them. Just so it was with our little company, for now the storm had ceased, they sailed on in peace and finally came to the Promised Land where they began to build their homes."

"That reminds me of the Landing of the Pilgrims that we learned about in school," said Ned. "But, tell us, what happened when they got on land?"

"It is only another story of the wicked and angry brothers," said grandpa. "Not long after the company landed, Father Lehi died. Nephi's wicked brethren became angry with him and wanted to kill him, so one night, in a dream, the Lord told Nephi to take those who would go with him and leave his wicked brothers and go to a place where they could dwell in peace."

"Oh, good," exclaimed Gertrude. "I'll bet they were glad to get rid of

those rude men. It was so terrible to be driven into such a storm."

"Yes, it was terrible," said grandpa, "and because of the wickedness of Laman and Lemuel and their followers, the Lord caused a dark skin to come upon them. They called themselves Lamanites. But we shall follow the other company and see how they prospered in their new homes. They called themselves Nephites because they loved their leader, Nephi. We shall camp with them tonight in a place which they called THE LAND OF NEPHI."

A SAILOR

I think 'twould be the greatest fun

To be a sailor boy—

Or be a captain on a ship.

Such thrills! And, oh, such joy!

I'd like the thrill of sailing far

When calm is sea and sky,

Or steering my ship safely home

When waves are dashing high.

With compass bright to guide the way,

And faith in God's great care,

So strong that He would calm the winds

In answer to my prayer;

My greatest joy would be to sail

And sail and sail and sail.

For while my Father guarded me

I'd know I could not fail.

But sailor lads, or farmer lads—

They're all beneath God's care.

It matters not where e'er they are,

He hears a humble prayer.

So if I cannot sail the seas,

I'll do my best at home,

And God will love and bless me here

As much as on the foam.

(To be continued)

He Believed in Signs

Sir Bullfrog went a walking,

Down a narrow, winding road,

When he met, and fell a talking

With a gentleman Hop Toad.

Said Sir Bullfrog, "Turn I can't, sir,

Please hop out and let me pass."

"I don't dare!" was Hop Toad's answer.

"There's a sign—'Keep off the Grass!'"

Minerva Pinkerton Troy

Dorothy's Travelogue

III—ROME.

We have said goodbye to Naples and are now in the "Eternal City," though the trains are so small I wonder that we ever got here. I can't get over their diminutive size. They seem to be the style here, though, and in spite of doubts, they get one to his destination. As it was raining when we arrived, Rome didn't seem so wonderful at first; but an early walk out to the market place with Aunt Hermine changed this impression, for we crossed the Tiber—the *Tiber*, just imagine!

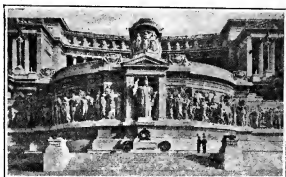
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One of our first excursions was to the Villa Borghese! It has a multitude of fountains and most wonderful flowers. Everyone in Rome walks there during the day—the rich, the poor, the indifferent—all frequent it, especially the soldiers and Black Shirts, who are everywhere in evidence.

Yesterday was a national holiday, the anniversary of the day Italy went into the war. Bombs exploded, airplanes were flying across the sky all day—500 of them flew over Rome. I couldn't help but think with horror of the next war. In the evening we passed through the Piazza Venezia. All have read of the Corso. Well, we walked right down it. Finally we came to a large building with arches and arches; no doors. People walked through it from one street to another. Along the edge are tables where people sit and eat. Being in Rome, we did as Romans do. We sat and ate ice cream, and watched the people go by. It reminded me of a comic opera. The soldiers in red, green, blue, brown and every other color, with the cane-carrying citizenry, produce a scene very like an artificial stage setting. We resumed our walk until evening, not being informed by Uncle Sep where we were going, but we soon found out; for there in the

moonlight, ghostly and silent, lay the Roman Forum. Three columns were silhouetted against the sky. I nearly passed out. I had imagined that one must go a long way to see these ruins. Instead, they are in the heart of the city. There were the triumphal arch and public buildings of old Rome, and not a block away a brass band was playing the Fascist hymn, "Giovinezza." I wondered what Caesar would have thought could he have seen the moving pictures in the streets, the automobiles dodging around the corners, and cast his eye over the exquisite monument to "The Unknown Soldier."

Every day one finds something in-



MONUMENT TO "THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER"

teresting and new in Rome. The Italian-Romans, are very handsome people. Yesterday I saw an officer who is undoubtedly the handsomest man on earth!

* * *

Well, we've been to St. Peter's. We all wore black veils, which the rules require, and looked more like Catholics than they did themselves. Saint Peter's is gorgeous. The mosaic work is indescribable. In fact, no words could ever do justice to that edifice. All around are statues of different saints, and popes. We obtained very good seats. Soldiers lined the center aisles. It was an inspiring sight to see those handsome young men in their gay uniforms.

At nine o'clock the Pope and his retinue came. We were not ten feet away from him. He was preceded by the

noble guard, the ecclesiastical court, nobles, soldiers, priests and other officials, and was carried in on a chair or pavilion. He was enveloped in cloth



POPE PIUS

of silver and literally covered with precious gems. He has a wonderful face and the most beautiful hands I have ever seen on a man. People cheered and cried, "viva il Papa" (Long live the Pope), as he passed by. The experience was unforgettable. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

* * *

To show you how small the world is, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are now playing in Rome. The picture is "The Night of Love." In another theatre John Gilbert is playing in "The Grata Parata." Can you guess what that is?

* * *

Yesterday we all went to the Vatican. It is the most wonderful place. Rooms and rooms are filled with presents to the different popes. Some of

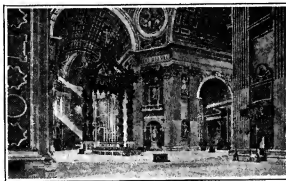
them are very beautiful vases, crucifixes and such things, all from kings, czars and emperors.

We visited Lucrecia Borgia Apartments, and went into the very rooms where she and her brother lived. They were beautifully decorated with tapestries and other costly things. It made one feel awfully funny to think that maybe Lucrecia had been on the very spot where we were standing.

* * *

After visiting the Borgia Apartments, we went to the Sistine Chapel. I was really afraid to look for fear I would be disappointed. But I wasn't in the least. We saw Raphael's works first. One could spend weeks looking at just one picture of his. The Sistine Chapel proper isn't very large but very dark. At first I couldn't see a thing, but gradually my eyes became accustomed to the gloom and I could dimly discern the paintings. They were very dark with age and so many figures that I didn't know where to look first. We took our mirrors from our purses to see by reflection the ceiling. I decided to look at just one figure and study it, which I did. No words could ever describe it.

Today we visited the Castello Angelo,

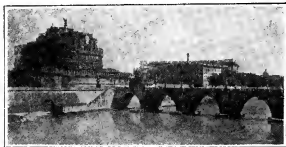


INTERIOR ST. PETERS

the Colosseum, the Via Appia and the Catacombs. The Castello Angelo is intensely interesting. It was originally Hadrian's tomb but was made into a fortress later. The Borgia Pope, Paulus, lived there. The only way to describe it is to say that it is exactly

what an old castle should be. There are musty old tombs, winding stairs, courtyards—everything. The prisons are very interesting. One has to go down into the very bottom of the place to reach them, and bend double to get into one of them. I certainly pitied the prisoners confined in these dungeons. Celini, the artist was imprisoned there and the last act of "La Tosca" was laid in the parapet of Castello Angelo. I couldn't help but imagine all sorts of intrigues as we wandered through the place. One could almost hear the clink of sabers and the rustle of satin. One room contained three iron-bound chests. This is where the Pope kept the Church treasures.

We were all pretty tired when we got through visiting the Castello Angelo. However, after a delicious meal we were sufficiently revived to go to the



CASTELLO ANGELO

Colosseum. It is just like the pictures, only much bigger than one would imagine. After considerable time spent in looking at the ruins we hired a carriage and drove down the Appian Way. On the way we stopped at a little church and saw the rock supposedly bearing the imprint of the Savior's feet. It was so obviously faked that it took away the interest.

The Catacombs were awfully sinister and spooky. Our guide was a monk who was supposed to speak English. We each had a little candle to light our way. Two caskets with bodies, or what once were, horrified us. Even the bones were crumbling to dust. The gruesomeness of the place

certainly makes an impression on one. The early Christians were buried here in shelves that were then sealed up. Whole passages were lined with them. It seemed so good to see the sunlight once more. Returning home we passed the Baths of Caracalla and Palaces of the Caesars.

* * *

At my persistent wheedling, our party consented to go to the Villa Umberto for some refreshments. The fascination of these outdoor casinos is watching the different types of people. There were officers all decked out in their best, and young girls with sleek shingled heads, flaming lips and cigarettes. Near our table was a huge lady of about forty-five or fifty years, dressed in black, smoking. She looked just exactly like a great big locomotive working overtime. The lady who sang was a big blonde with a rather attractive face. She looked and acted more like a prize-fighter than a song-bird. Her voice had that peculiar quality that goes with an excess of cigarettes. The male singer was a very effeminate little "poodle." His face looked as though it had been dipped in flour. And what a wonderful make-up around his eyes! Wow!

Today we again visited the Roman Forum. It is grand. I like it better than Pompeii, because it isn't so depressing. The Arch of Titus, the scattered fragments were mute evidence of a wonderful civilization. It makes one feel of very little consequence. One can't describe the Forum very well. It is a large tract of land covered with ruins of former palaces, temples, amphitheatres, arches and prisons. The ruins aren't nearly as well preserved as those in Pompeii. The relief work on the arches was intensely interesting to me. It takes two or three hours to wander through the ruins. It may be interesting to flower lovers to know that Oleanders are growing wild in the Forum.

We have just been to see the prison

where Peter and Paul were confined—a very small, dark, cool place. One can hardly imagine anyone existing there except on a hot Roman day. There is a little church connected with the prison. I like it better than any we've seen so far. Not so pretentious and big; but a very friendly church, a quite uncommon thing in Rome.

* * *

On my birthday we had a hectic time. We decided to visit Ostia, an Italian Summer Resort. We took a taxi to the train, passing an interesting part of the old Roman Wall, but arrived at the station just too late to catch our train. As the next did not leave until 7:30, we decided to visit St. Paul's without the Walls. Ten minutes later we were before the church. And that church! It is really the most magnificent I have ever seen. Even St. Peter's didn't have the same grandeur. It is marble from top to bottom. There are eighty huge pillars of polished granite that are positively breath-taking. The church is profusely decorated, but done so skillfully that though of inspiring grandeur, it is of charming simplicity. We wandered among the pillars and statues for an hour, then caught the train for Ostia. It seemed so good to again hear the swish of the waves and smell the salt air. Oh, how I love the ocean!

(To be continued)

Runties to the Rescue

By Glen Perrins

Molly wasn't a very large sow, and when her first litter came it consisted of only two little red pigs. She must have been disgusted with them for she paid very little attention to them whatever, and they would have probably died in infancy had it not been for Jimmy Thompson, who pleaded with his father for the little pigs.

"If Molly don't want them," Jimmy told his father, "why can't I raise

them. I could get bottles with nipples on them and put nice fresh milk in them. I bet I can make them drink it, and I'll take the best care of them—think they're so cute."

"Well, Jimmy," said his father, "suppose you try raising the little runts."

"That's what I'll call them, dad—'Runties'. I think that will be great names for pigs—'Big Runt' and 'Little Runt'."

Jimmy ran for the bottles and filling them with milk, began the task of keeping the little red pigs alive. He took them from the pig pen and placed them in a nice box in the woodshed.

"Oi, oi, oi," squealed the Runties—which meant, I guess, that they were very pleased with Jimmy and their new home. Soon they both were sucking contentedly at the bottles, heartily enjoying their new world.

The days quickly passed and big and little Runt' thrived. As they grew older they followed Jimmy about. They were his constant companions.

"Wherever I go," said Jimmy, "the Runties follow." And it was lucky for the young fellow that the little pigs tagged him, for the Runties proved to be very helpful indeed.

One Sunday afternoon when the men were resting at home Jimmy thought he would go on a hike into the hay fields. He started out, the little pigs following him.

"Oi, oi," they squealed, meaning, perhaps, that they wanted to go, too.

Away the three of them went, the Runties following Jimmy very closely.

"I'll run and give them the slip," thought Jimmy, as he quickened his pace. He started to run soon, and the little red pigs made their legs go very fast trying to keep up. Then Jimmy went faster and faster until he was fairly flying over the fields.

Suddenly he tried to stop! In looking over his shoulder to see if the little red pigs were following he failed to notice that straight ahead was a large pit in which Mr. Thompson was going

to put his potatoes for the winter.

There was danger ahead, and Jimmy could not stop!

Down, down he went—right into the deep potato pit. He lit with a thud at the bottom and the steep walls of the pit loomed above him. Luckily the pit had straw in the bottom or Jimmy would have been hurt. As it was, however, he scrambled quickly to his feet and tried to get out. But the walls were too high for the little fellow. He could not reach the top of the pit.

"Help, help," shouted Jimmy, as loud as he could.

He waited for an answer, but none came—it seemed as though the echo would be the only reply to his summons. What a long wait! Then a familiar sound greeted him.

"Oi, oi; oi, oi," came to him—the Runties were on the top of the potato pit. Sure enough, there they were, their little red noses sticking over the top of the pit, looking down at Jimmy. "Oi, oi," they squealed, which meant perhaps, "What can we do?"

Jimmy reached again to the top of the wall—but in vain. Then it began to get dark, and little Jimmy, brave as he was, grew frightened. What if no one found him all night? Suppose he should starve to death in the pit? Dear, oh dear, the little fellow began to cry. Tears came to his eyes. Again he yelled for help.

Big Runty and Little Runty tried to root the dirt down so Jimmy could reach the top, but their little soft noses couldn't dig the hard dirt very well. "Oi, oi," they squealed, and ran round and round the pit.

Soon little Jimmy curled up in the straw and sobbed himself to sleep. He did not know that his father and mother and the whole family were out hunting him and that he should have stayed awake and yelled for help.

But the Runties seemed to know. "Oi, oi, oi!" they squealed and squealed,

which meant, "Come and get Jimmy out of the pit. Help!"

Jimmy's father heard the pigs. "Well," he exclaimed, "Jim ought to be near at hand—I hear Runties squealing."

Running quickly to the pit, Mr. Thompson held a lantern so its rays fell on Jimmy, asleep in the straw at the bottom of the pit.

"Wake up, young man!" said his father. "Are you safe?"

Jimmy sat up and rubbed his eyes, and then, how glad he was to see his father. He reached up his hands and was pulled to safety. Big Runty and



"Oi, oi," squealed the little red pigs.

Little Runty were very pleased. They jumped about him. "If it hadn't been for the pigs squealing we wouldn't have known where you were," said his father.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "Runties sure helped rescue me that time."

"Oi, oi," the little red pigs squealed, and their tails curled in satisfaction and pride.

A Bird's Nest

Jean Brown Foncesbeck

Alice, who was five, loved to bring Black Mooley home from the pasture. Every afternoon for two whole weeks she had gone alone for the cow. It was springtime now and all the earth was beautiful. Alice might go far across the green meadowland and onto the little knoll. The pasture fence stretched away beyond that, right up over the high hills so that the posts seemed to be standing against the sky.

As Alice passed Black Mooley she explained to the cow, "I'll be back soon to drive you home. First, I am going to the knoll to gather some flowers for Margaret. She's been sick all winter and can't come out to see the flowers or birds or anything." She patted Black Mooley's sleek, satiny side. Then she went on to the knoll.

How lovely it was there! Spring flowers grew all about so that the air was very pleasant to breathe. There were Sweet Williams with gay pink faces. Blue bells and mountain moss bloomed side by side. A host of sego lilies danced in the breeze. As she gathered them Alice looked into each lily cup half expecting to see a fairy seated on one of the wee purple cushions within the flower.

It was lovely on the knoll! Innumerable living creatures had their homes there. Rabbits lived in burrows beneath the soft black mold, where fuzzy baby bunnies slept in safety. Chipmunks scampered among the rocks. Lizzards and horned toads made their homes under the brush and stone. Soft mounds of upturned soil showed Alice where the gopher had

dug his back doorway. On a cedar tree sat a meadow lark who tossed back his head and sang from out his golden throat: "I thank Thee, God, for sunny days of spring."

A gray bird on a bush sang from the depths of his tiny being, "The sky is blue. The sun is bright. The wind blows softly. Flowers fill the air with fragrance. Hidden away I have a nest. Four eggs are in it. My mate keeps them warm beneath her breast. Soon—four baby birds. We will teach them to fly. We will teach them to sing. I am glad, glad, glad."

"What are you saying, Gray Bird?" asked the little maid. "You make my feet want to skip."

The cow down in the pasture lowed gently, "Moo, moo-oo."

"Black Mooley is calling me. I'll have to hurry," and Alice started to run down the knoll, leaping blithely over the low shrubs as she ran. Out of a bush darted a gray bird. When Alice stopped and pushed aside the twigs, she saw a bird's nest cleverly fashioned of sticks and grass, lined with feathers and bits of wool. In the nest were four speckled eggs.

"A nest—with eggs!" cried Alice. "I'll take it to Margaret. She'll be so happy." The child laid down her flowers and tugged to pull the nest loose from the branches to which the mother bird had fastened it. No thought had she of the mother bird, but only of Margaret's pleasure.

A rabbit with round eyes and tall ears saw what she was doing and tried to say, "Do not take Gray Bird's nest, little girl," but Alice could not hear his still small voice.

A chipmunk stopped as he scampered past, and stood up like a little post. He tried to say, "Stop, little girl. Gray Bird will be so unhappy." But Alice could not hear his still small voice.

"Margaret will love this nest, I

know." She carried it in one hand and her flower in the other.

Black Mooley had started to walk leisurely homeward, following a winding trail through the meadow grass and flowers. When she reached the stream she stopped to drink long sighing draughts of the clear water. Alice caught up with her here and drove her onward to the bars.

Black Mooley's new calf was waiting for her in the barnyard.

"Stay here and talk to your baby calf through the bars till Steve comes to do the milking," Alice suggested to the cow. "I can't stop to pet you, you sweet thing"—this to the calf—"I've an errand to do."

She went right down to Margaret's place. From the porch she called, "I have some flowers for you, Margaret."

"Come in, Alice."

Margaret was a pale, beautiful young woman with long braids of brown hair and sad dark eyes. Her thin veiny hands were almost as white as the counterpane on which they lay.

"How pretty the flowers are! How sweet they smell! Thank you for bringing them. I hope there will be flowers on the hillside when I am able to be out again."

"And a bird's nest—" Alice's voice gurgled with delight. "I've brought you a bird's nest with speckled eggs. I knew it would make you happy."

Margaret's eyes became sadder as she looked at the stolen nest. "It doesn't make me happy, dear. How could you do it? Poor mother bird! Soon these eggs would have hatched and there would have been four baby birds. How could you do it?"

Alice felt so warm and uncomfortable. Her throat hurt and her eyes smarted, but she said bravely, "I didn't think one bit about the mother bird. I just wanted to do something to make

you happy. I'll take the nest right back."

"It would do no good, dear," Margaret began to explain that perhaps the eggs were too cold and would not hatch. Alice did not stop to listen. She was too eager to go back to the knoll. She talked to herself as she went through the pasture, "I can remember which bush it was. It grew close by the cedar tree. There were sego lilies all around it."

The large-eyed rabbit with tall ears saw Alice coming. "She's bringing your nest back," he told Gray Bird who had fluttered and chirped unhappily from bush to bush since her nest was taken.

The striped chipmunk came out of his hole to watch.

"This is the bush, the very bush," Alice said as she put the nest back. "Come and sit on your eggs dear little Gray Bird. They are not broken. I carried them ever so carefully. I'm sorry I took your nest. I'll never meddle with a bird's nest again. I didn't think. Come, Gray Bird."

It was a very tired small girl who crossed the pasture a fourth time that warm spring day. So weary she was that she fell asleep the minute she was tucked into her cool bed.

A few days later when she had brought the cow home from the pasture, Alice ran down to Margaret's place. Margaret was sitting in a large chair on her front porch.

Alice shouted, "The birds have hatched—Gray Bird's babies—four of them—I looked in her nest today."

Margaret was doubtful, "Are you sure it's the same nest? I was afraid the mother bird wouldn't sit on her eggs again."

"But she did," replied Alice with great confidence, "You see, Margaret, that mother bird understood what I told her. She knows I'm her friend."



Big sister almost always goes
To dances, parties and to shows
I can't see why I haven't beaux
When I'm dressed up in sister's clothes

Boys Who "Made Good"

HE WON A CARNEGIE HERO MEDAL

By John F. Cowan

Everybody calls him "Jim," or "Jimsy." If it had been left to him to tell, you'd never have known he has a Carnegie hero medal. The thing about it that is finer than gold and diamonds is that when he might have "played safe" and saved his own skin, he forgot himself in his concern for another boy and saved a human life, and he saved something better than his own "skin"—he saved the *man* in him. Now I believe Jim would run a block to escape being asked, "How did you ever have the courage to do such a brave deed?"

"Fudge, nothin' brave 'bout it," he stammers. "Anybody who happened to be there would have done the same thing."

Some boys were skating with him on the river, and one near him broke through the thin ice. He clutched the edge and was holding on. Jim just barely stopped short of the break, where the ice was a bit thicker; all the others behind stopped and hurried back, urged by the instinct of self-preservation.

But all Jim thought of was that boy holding on for dear life, but his fingers slipping. Jim quickly lay flat on the ice that was bending and snapping under his feet, and when the weight of his body was so distributed, the thin ice bore him up. As easily as he could, he worked his scarf from around his neck and reached it to the other boy, careful not to slip himself or break the ice. The boy got hold with his teeth, and Jim began to pull; but his pulling drew him forward toward the water—he was being pulled in.

He called to the other boys to come and hold his feet. They hesitated; called back, "The ice will break!"

"Lie down, and it won't. It holds me. Get down and crawl!"

So they came and held him from slipping further. Then others came with ropes and, by united efforts, pulled Jim and the drowning boy out of the icy death trap.

But Jim won't be a hero; he won't wear the medal, or show it, or talk about it. He's a neighbor's boy to be proud of—Jim is.



JACK O' LANTERN BROWNIE

See the jolly Brownie man,
By his Jack o' Lantern,
Let us make one, if we can,
Just like his gay pattern.

Rubber Stamp Stories

October

Jack found a rubber stamp in the box that he thought the best of all.
It made him laugh and laugh.

It was a little brownie standing by a great big Jack o' Lantern.

The brownie looked very pleased with himself.

Jack thought he must have made the pumpkin face himself.

He told his mother the story about the picture.

Jack said:

"I think this is a picture of Jack o' Lantern Brownie.

They call him that because he likes pumpkin-faces so well.

Every year he finds a great, big, round, yellow pumpkin.

He digs it out inside and digs it out and digs it out.

When he is all through he cuts eyes and nose and mouth.

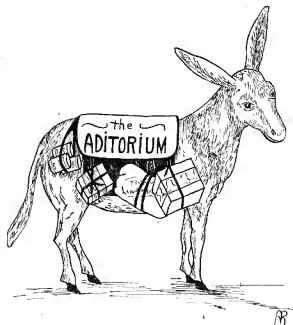
Then he puts a candle inside.

He scares people with it on Hallowe'en.

I'm going to make a Jack o' Lantern just like his.
Then I'll bet I can scare the boys and girls at night."

His mother helped him make the Jack o' Lantern.

Then she made up a rhyme about Jack o' Lantern Brownie and Jack learned it.



Good News for you boys and girls! Excuse haste and a bad pen, as the pig said when he left the sty, and we will tell you about it:

Boys and girls like to learn things, and fathers and mothers like what their boys and girls like. And all of us love America and what she can do. So each month we are going to tell you the news about our advertisers.

Some of you say, "Oh, it is just an 'ad'!" But an "ad" has something back of it. For instance:

Beginning with candy—nummy!—who smacked his lips? (Not so loud; we must be mannerly). Did you know that a refrigerator car, direct from Chicago, is standing in Salt Lake City now, filled with the freshest candy? Have you tasted a BABY RUTH? This car is full of BABY RUTH bars! It is the first candy bar that has ever been shipped in trainload lots.

In Salt Lake vicinity alone there is consumed nearly 1,000,000 bars of BABY RUTH each month. Pretty good for a ten-year-old, isn't it?

There is a story about BABY RUTH. Like to hear it? It shows what a person

can do if he really wants to. Well then:

Once upon a time a man named Otto Young (sounds like home, doesn't it?) Schnering wanted a business of his own.

He heard of a candy manufacturer who had met financial reverses (ask your Daddy what that means. Poor Daddy, he will be sure to know!) and whose equipment he could buy for One Hundred Dollars. He bought it.

One Hundred Dollars is very small to start a business with!

There was so much candy already that he set his brain working to think of something different to attract customers.

He made a slender, tasty opera cream center and rolled it in carmel and peanuts. Then he dipped it into chocolate and called it BABY RUTH. Nummy!

Today he has the largest selling five cent candy bar in the world. He owns three large plants with every modern device for making candy, and does a business of \$18,000,000 yearly!

Salt Lake is the distributing point for this intermountain territory.

Do you think you could get your brain to working like that and do that much business each year?

Next time you will hear something about the SPARTON RADIO. Do you like to listen to the RADIO?



Master "Bobbie" Jackson and the Bernhardt peonies, both grown at the former home of I. A. Jackson, President, Salt Lake Flower Garden Club.

Now is the time to plant peonies.



The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Shredded Wheat

I awoke to find myself in a very beautiful room. I was gazing about the room at the pictures and tapestries when my gaze fell upon the portrait of a king. I judged this must be a king's or prince's room by rights. It was so gorgeous. However, my reprieve was somewhat broken by a Frenchman entering and saying, "Breakfast will be served at 9:10 o'clock."

That was only five minutes off so I was compelled to hurry into my clothes.

I went down to breakfast. Such a breakfast! There was everything from the most highly priced fruits down to toothpicks. I began to eat. I soon found my favorite dish, shredded wheat. I ate dish after dish of it and was still eating when a knock came to the door. Where were those stupid servants? Did I have to answer calls in such a beautiful place!

No one came to answer it, so I went to rise. I could not. I was not to leave that chair.

I opened my mouth to say, "Come in," but the words would not come.

"What do you mean by not answering my knock?"

That brought me wide awake. It was the landlord after my room rent and I had not five cents in my pockets. Horrors! What was that? There was a large hole in the straw mattress. My hands and mouth were full of straw.

Straw! That had been my shredded wheat.

Age 14.

Anelda Olsen,
Box 101,
Ashton, Idaho.

Johnny's Stocking

Johnny, Johnny went to bed
With a stocking on his head.
Morning came so fresh and sweet,
Johnny tried to dress his feet;
But alas he could not find
What he had upon his mind.

Age 8.

Plet Johnson,
P. O. Box 73,
Lovell, Wyo.

The Test

"Look at the morning paper will you!" Bob Alden cried thrusting the crumpled newspaper in Harvey Warden's face, "It ain't always we get an offer like that, but it's the job for me and I'll bet you I'll get it."

Harvey looked at the paper where Bob had indicated. Yes, a boy was wanted about fifteen years old to help as a general errand boy for a new business firm. Appliers for the position were to see the manager the following Monday.

"There's no use of you trying, Harvey, there are too many boys trying as it is. Farm work was always meant for you. Well, I'll be going."

Bob picked up the paper and started down the road.

Harvey turned toward the house. "He thinks I'm a coward," he muttered, "no good at anything. I'll show him I can try."

There were many boys waiting to see the manager for the position the next Monday morning. Harvey's mother had encouraged him to try. When Bob saw him he laughed. Harvey said nothing.

The manager was a nice man with a kind personality. He talked with the boys about the position and then said, "Well, boys, have a smoke while I think it over." He passed the box around and everyone took one, even the boys Harvey thought didn't smoke. When it came to Harvey, he politely refused, while some of the other boys, Bob among them, laughed and jeered at him. But Harvey didn't mind and when he was asked why he refused when all of the other boys accepted, he replied: "All my life, I have been taught of its evil. It starts boys on the road to sin."

Harvey got the job. The manager had only passed the smokes as a test. "Those are the boys we want," he said, "boys who are clean, upright boys to-

day, and who will be the real men of tomorrow."

Age 16.

Sylvia Probst,
Box 44,
Midway, Utah,

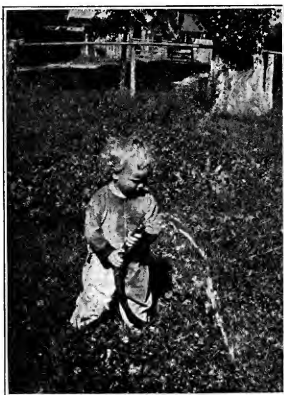


Photo by Wanda De Lange
Age 11. 690 W. 4th North St.,
Provo, Utah.

The Close of Day

The day is coming to a close,

The sun is near its rest.

The birdies all are flying away,

To the one thing they love—their nest.

The sky is crimson, gold and red,

The water is clear and blue.

The large pine trees are bowing their heads,

To say good-night to you.

Who painted the picturesque sunset?

The one that is beautiful to see.

It was God and His heavenly paint brush,

That painted it for you and for me.

Age 13.

Donna Lyman,
Tridell, Utah.

The Pilgrims

Long, long ago, in a far off land,
Two little vessels ventured out with
a small band.

They sailed to a place where the red
men dwelt;

And there, they hoped to find more
wealth.

And when they got to this glorious
land,

They fell to their knees and kissed
the sand;

Then the women began working as
hard as they could,

And the men stood on guard—just as
they should.

These people were from England, way
over the sea;

They came to this country that they
might be free.

So they went out to the sea to roam,
Hunting a place they might call their
own.

But I must tell you, when land was in
sight,

They knelt and praised God with all
their might.

Age 11.

Erma Merrill,
Hayden, Arizona.

The Sentinel of the Trail

I sat by a knarled, old, dead cedar;
tall and straight—perhaps twenty feet
tall. By it wound a dim, old trail.
Near the top, one pointing East, the
other North, were two limbs broken
off close to the mother tree. Perhaps
it has stood for several centuries.

As I sat, it seemed to sway gently
toward me. Hark! Is it talking?
Softly it seemed to say:

"Long, long ago, before wire fences
and white men were known to me a
mustang came one day to rub its itch-
ing neck against my trunk. Proud was
I because it had chosen me to scratch
its neck upon.

"One night, when the moon shone
on a cold, white world, a pack of
wolves killed a deer at my very feet.

"On a beautiful September evening,

a handsome, young brave stole into
the shadow of my foliage to await the
coming of his chosen beauty. She
came, and he wooed her with endear-
ing words and tender caresses.

"Later came the white man with cat-
tle and sheep. Two stockmen got in-
to a quarrel over their boundaries and
selected me, finally, to mark that line.
But years later, the stronger man hung
the weaker with his rope to one of my
limbs.

"Now I am old. No longer do my
broken boughs bear green needles and
blue gray berries. Not many moons
shall pass before I crumble in the dust.
My story is finished. Depart!"

"I am going," said I, "as soon as
I look again at your pointed head."

Age 14.

Olive Belnap,
Mount Trumbide,
Arizona.

Swimming

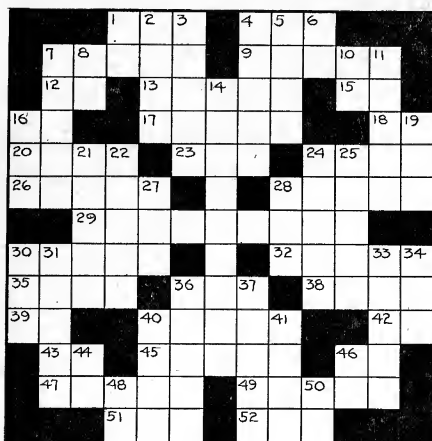
I love to go in swimming
With Daddy and the boys;
I like to splash the water
And make a lot of noise!

My inner tube will hold me
And take me down the stream,
It's fun to paddle back again,
Sometimes I almost scream!

One time my Daddy ducked me,
It scared me half to death!
Until he brought me up again,
I had to hold my breath!
Age 7. Fern Gardner,
Woodruff, Arizona.

Prizes for Answering Puzzle

Prizes of books will be given to the
first ten of those under seventeen who
correctly solve this puzzle, and send us
the best original drawing, or photograph,
or the best article of not to exceed four
hundred words, or poem of not to exceed
twenty lines on any subject. Answers
must be in by November 1, 1927, and all
contributions must be in accordance with
the rules provided in "The Children's
Budget Box." Address Puzzle Editor,
Juvenile Instructor, Room 202, L. D. S.
Church Office Building, Salt Lake City,
Utah.



THIS ONE
IS THE
CAT'S
PAJAMAS!



Vertical







1. Man's name
2. Composed
3. Military body
4. Art of composing poems
5. Scarce
6. Bone (Latin)
7. A gem.
8. Upon
9. Exists
10. Small seat
11. Wild Animal
12. Possesses
13. Abb. for Saint
14. Signal systems
15. Domestic animal
16. Animal resembling a mouse
17. One who receives money
18. American poet
19. Droop downwards
20. Unit
21. Crates
22. Meaning
23. To lengthen
24. Indian tent
25. Danger
26. Blood
27. Darnel
28. Abb. for "right"
29. Pronoun
30. From
31. Near


Horizontal


1. Perform
2. Prefix meaning "in place of"
3. Variety of Bear
4. Wet spot in desert
5. Prefix meaning "in"
6. Below
7. Abb. for "street"
8. Exclamation
9. Large horned animal
10. Bone (Latin)
11. Crafty
12. Work earnestly
13. Stain
14. Ship
15. Kind of rock.
16. Animal resembling camel
17. Stout
18. Domestic fowl (pl.)
19. Knot; knob
20. Top
21. Period of time
22. Prefix meaning "from"
23. Fur bearing animal.
24. New England
25. Suffix forming comparative
26. Musical performance
27. Exists
28. To lay aside for the future
29. Angry
30. Payment for a permit
31. Allow.



Belinda and the Magic Button.





ELINDA was in the kitchen, busy as a  with her little  and her little  and her little  making the baby's  all sweet and clean, and all the other 

and  were in the sitting room at play. "I




will be a ,

 said Billy, "with a  and a .


"I will be a ,




 said Bennie, "with a pair of .



"I will be a chimney-sweep," said Bobby, "with a big, big

!" Then they all laughed, and Bobby ran and crept into the  and climbed up the chimney like a  "Oho!" he cried, "what






fun!" But dear, dear, the  was narrow and



















 was fat, and presently he stuck fast! "I can't go up or down," he cried. "Poke me out!"

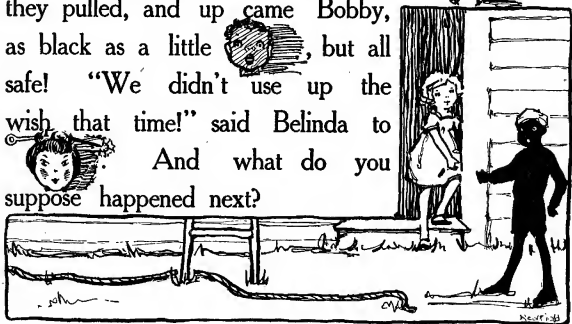
Then Billy poked with the  and Bennie with the  and Betsey with the ,

but they could not reach Bobby, and away they all ran to  in the kitchen, making the baby's  all sweet and clean.

"O Belinda," they cried, " is stuck in the

 and we have poked with the  and the
 and the  and we can't get him out!"
 Then Belinda ran and took the  out of Sadie
 San's lap. "I wish," she cried, and she was just
 going to say "I wish Bobby was safe out of the ,

when she remembered that she could only have one
 wish. "O my goodness me!" said  "I
 mustn't use up my wish yet. Suppose something should
 happen to the precious !" So away she ran
 to the yard and got the  off the  and to
 the  and got a long  and she and Billy
 and Betsey put the  up against the  and
 up they all went like  to the . And
 Belinda dropped the  down the  and Bobby
 tied it round his waist and all the  and 
 took hold of the . "Pull!" cried  and
 they pulled, and up came Bobby,
 as black as a little , but all
 safe! "We didn't use up the
 wish that time!" said Belinda to  And what do you
 suppose happened next?





The Retort Courteous

"I keep my lodgers longer than you do."
 "No, you don't; but they're so thin they look longer."

Unsportsmanlike

Two little urchins were watching a barber singe his customer's hair.
 "Gee," said one, "he's hunting 'em with a light."

A June Proposal

She: "Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man."
 He (bashfully): "He did. I'm the man."—Fliegende Blaetter.

She Was Used to Them

Lady: "Could I see the captain?"
 First Mate: "He's forward, Miss."
 Lady: "I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys."

Lucky Lad

Teacher: "Willie, can you name me a city in Alaska?"
 Willie: "No m'm."
 Teacher: "Correct."—Christian Science Monitor.

Did He Get Her?

Her Father (to suitor): "My daughter doesn't want to be tied to an idiot all her life."

Suitor: "Just so, sir. Why, not let me take her off your hands?"

Courting by Meter

"How did you get up courage to propose to the rich Mrs. MacTavish, Sandy?"
 "Losh, mon 'twas awful! I'd sworn I'd do it come Monday night, so I took her for a ride in a taxi, and wi, one eye on the meter tickin' away! I had her won at the end of \$2."

A Case of Necessity

"I am sorry to learn that you have buried your uncle."
 "I had to. He was dead."—Paris Rire.

A Boomerang

Husband: "They say the prettiest women marry the biggest dumb-bells."
 Wife: "You flatterer!"

Mr. Fahy: "Whats good for my wife's fallen arches?"
 Dr. Schultz: "Rubber heels."
 Mr. Fahy: "What'll I rub 'em with?"

Confidence

She: "There are two men I really admire."
 He: "Who's the other?"—Tit-Bits.

When Pa is Sick

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death.
 An' Ma an' us just holds our breath.
 He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,
 And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
 He wants "Doc" Brown, an' mighty quick,
 For when Pa's ill he's awful sick.
 He gasps and groans, an' sort o' sighs,
 He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
 Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
 An' all the house is in a fuss.
 An' peace an' joy is mighty scarce—
 When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

And When Ma is Sick

When Ma is sick she pegs away,
 She's quiet, though, not much t' say,
 She goes right on a-doin' things,
 An' sometimes laughs, or even sings.
 She says she don't feel extra well,
 But then it's just a kind o' spell.
 She'll be all right tomorrow, sure.
 A good old sleep will be the cure.
 An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,
 For women folk is always sick.
 An' Ma, she smiles, let's on she's glad—
 When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.

—Rotary.

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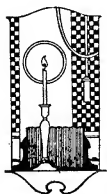
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- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 cups bananas

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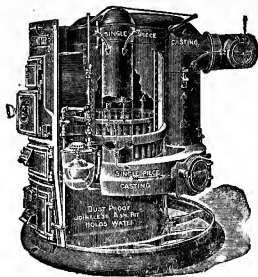
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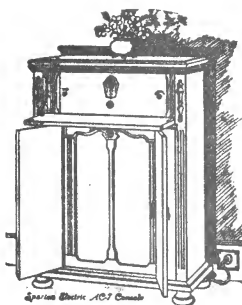
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